

The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 24, 1901.

2793

Mill Ends

MADE INTO

Knee Pants

We have just received a shipment of Knee Pants in sizes 3 to 17. These pants are well made, fully guaranteed and strictly all wool. One pair is worth 3 of the ordinary kind, and we are selling them at....

50c, 75c, \$1.00

Sullivan-Cook Co.

114 Congress St., Ypsilanti

THE NEW SHOE STORE

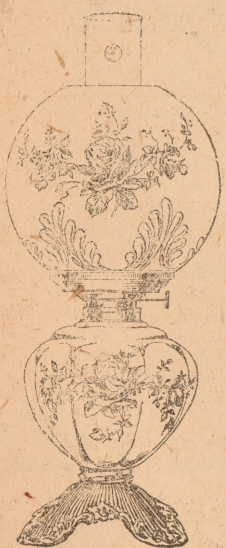
Is Doing a Nice Business.

With a Full Line of LADIES', GENTS' and CHILDRENS' SHOES and RUBBERS, everything new and up-to-date. We have got a fine line to pick from at extra low prices.

We have the FAMOUS
QUEEN QUALITY SHOE
For Ladies

It will do you good to call and see them, as we can not tell you one half what we want you to know about our shoe department. We invite you to call and look our stock over. It will pay you, everything new and up-to-date, and prices right.

C.D.O'CONNER & CO.
125 CONGRESS ST. YPSILANTI
5 and 10c Store



This is The Lamp Season

We have just got in a large new line of LAMPS at prices from 75c to \$15.00 for nicely decorated ones at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

We have the new nickle Lamp, got up by the Standard Oil Co., as the best Lamp for light that can be produced. Price complete with shade \$1.65. Other styles with this burner at a little more money and in one style.

Davis & Co.
On The Corner

The most important item of the first meal of the day is COFFEE.

We have realized that suiting our customer's Coffee taste goes far toward securing the bulk of their grocery trade. We are more particular about the quality and condition of our Coffee than ever. About the most popular Coffee is our Sunrise Coffee at 25c lb.

Then are those at 25c and 15c, that have suited many people.

Our 35c Coffee is the very best to be had.

Try our Coffees and you will be one of our customers.

DAVIS & CO.
On The Corner

Hopkins & Davis
Depot

THE WEDDING WAS BRILLIANT

Trowbridge-Quirk Nuptials in Detroit

MANY THERE FROM HERE

The Impressive Ceremony Took Place in Christ's Church

The marriage of Daniel Lacey Quirk, Jr., of Ypsilanti, and Miss Julia Ackley Trowbridge, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Stephen Trowbridge, was celebrated Monday evening in Christ church. The floral decorations were in keeping with the stately grandeur of the edifice. In the chancel tall palms towered in the background, while large bunches of white chrysanthemums were arranged on the altar and at the entrance to the pews which were reserved for the relatives of the bride and groom.

Long before the appointed hour for the marriage to take place the church was filled with the friends of the young couple, many of whom had known the bride since her baby days. In the front of the church the reception guests were seated, the ladies gowned in full evening toilettes, which added much to the brilliancy of the scene.

Promptly as the chimes pealed out the hour of 8 the groom and his best man, Isaac Newton Swift, advanced from the vestry room to the chancel. At the same time to the music of the wedding march the bridal procession moved up the aisle. The ushers, Messrs. Roy Younglove of Chicago, John Gerahy of St. Louis, and Sam S. Harris, Benjamin Robinson, Muir Snow, and L. S. Trowbridge, Jr., a brother of the bride, walked first. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Mary E. Trowbridge, followed by the bride on the arm of her father.

The groom advanced a few steps to receive the bride and lead her up the altar steps to the chancel rail, where the rector of Christ church, Rev. W. D. Maxon, and Rev. Gardam of the Episcopal church in Ypsilanti awaited them. Impressively the clergymen performed the service and many sincere prayers for the happiness of the young couple were offered by their friends in the body of the church.

The bride never looked handsomer than when she walked down the aisle with her husband.

Stately and radiant she was, with just a flush of color in her cheeks. Her gown was exquisite in design and material. It was made of soft white silk mull over white satin. The skirt was fashioned with wide tucks to the knees, a flounce narrow in front curved gracefully up in the back and fell to the hem of the skirt, and was beaded and trimmed with bands of white satin outlined with pearls. The bodice was of silk mull tucked, with a deep yoke of Pointe applique lace, the lace covering the bodice in front and forming the lower part of the sleeves.

The tulle veil fell in soft folds to the edge of the long train. A shower bouquet of lilies of the valley completed this exquisite bridal toilette.

The maid of honor was lovely in a gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with Irish points. She carried a large bouquet of American beauty roses.

Mrs. Trowbridge, mother of the bride, wore black grenadine with trimmings of pointe de venise lace and chiffon and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Mrs. Chas. A. Ricks, of Cleveland, wore a pretty gown of white lace and chiffon, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Charles M. Swift was attired in pale green silk crepe relieved with pink satin, ornaments of pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Farrett A. Lydecker, an aunt of the bride, wore black net elaborately trimmed with jet.

Mrs. Mercer, also an aunt of the bride, was in black grenadine with a corsage bouquet of violets and pearl ornaments.

After the ceremony in the church a reception for relatives and intimate friends was given at the residence of the bride's parents. The large drawing room was elaborately trimmed by Breitmeyer with palms and white chrysanthemums.

Up in the present room were displayed the many beautiful wedding gifts, which were unusually varied and elegant.

After the bride had cut her cake and thrown her wedding bouquet she changed to her traveling gown and amid hearty good wishes and a shower of confetti the happy couple left the house to begin their honeymoon. After the wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Quirk will be at home at Ypsilanti, where Mr. Quirk has prepared a charming home for his bride.

A large number of Ypsilantians attended the wedding, one party of 50 occupying a special D. Y. & A. A. car. The groom is one of the most prominent and popular young men of Ypsilanti.

WILL VOTE ON A \$12,000 PROPOSITION

FOR THE SELECTION OF A SITE FOR NEW SCIENCE HALL

The Site Selected is on the 14 Acres on the Owen and Post Properties

The committee of aldermen appointed to select a site for the proposed \$50,000 recommended to the council Monday evening that a special election be called that the people may vote whether or not they wish to give \$12,000 for 14 acres on the Owen and Post property on Forest avenue, and after considerable discussion the recommendation was adopted by unanimous vote.

In their report the committee stated that this site is the unanimous choice of the state board of education and the Normal faculty, and that Ypsilanti would not again be called upon for a grant of land to the college, as this tract would furnish ample accommodations for the two other buildings that will eventually be added, and for an athletic grounds and botanical garden.

Ald. Stevens of the committee further explained that no other site save the Wallace boulevard property, which was considered too far removed from the campus, was any cheaper than this property, and that this tract is entirely the best situated. T. C. Owen, the owner of the greater part of the land, will make a profit of \$3,000, as he sells for \$9,000 what cost him \$6,000, but the committee were unable to secure his consent to a reduction.

The committee which visited Grand Rapids to look into the advisability of purchasing a stone crusher, recommended that the city make the investment, but after extended discussion the motion to adopt the recommendation was voted down, as there was a feeling that the matter should not be decided so hastily.

The question of expense was carefully gone into by the council, who found that there is plenty of water power that is now going to waste, and that the roadbed in this section is so much better than that at Grand Rapids that the macadam could be laid very cheaply here.

Those who voted against the adoption of the recommendation that they are not adverse to the purchase of the crusher, but that they wish a two weeks' delay.

A resolution by Ald. Stevens that the owner of the property on the north-west corner of Congress and Huron street be instructed to remove the outside stairway within 30 days and cover the area, was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Ald. Stevens it was voted to reconsider the resolution of last month that the D. Y. & A. A. be instructed to stop unloading freight at the Washington street waiting room.

WEATHER FLAGS WILL BE PUT OUT

Morford & Smith's drug store on Congress street has made arrangements with the state weather bureau where they are to be given a set of weather and temperature flags, and to be furnished with daily bulletins. At 10:30 every morning the signals for the day will be run up at the 34-foot flag-staff that has already been set up, and they will be left until the following morning. About eight years ago the late Dr. Batwell conducted for a time a similar system of weather signals, but since then there has been no attempt to give the weather indications other than by the postal cards tacked up in the postoffice by order of Postmaster Wells. Messrs. Morford and Smith have been notified that their request has been acceded to, so the arrival of the flags is expected within a few days.

THE ROYAL MONTH AND ROYAL DISEASES.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative—consumption.

Desiring additional help for the season of 1901 and 2, which is now on, we can give employment to 100 girls from 14 to 35 years of age. Work is making ladies' muslin underwear with power machines. For full particulars write to Standard Mfg. Co., Jackson, Mich. 93

OUR ANNUAL

Fall Opening Sale

TWELVE DAYS BEGINNING TUESDAY, OCT. 22

SPECIAL LOW PRICES on Different lines each day. Read Our Booklet

Tuesday, Oct. 22.

Dress Goods and Silks.

Wednesday, Oct. 23.

Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Hosiery and Corsets.

Thursday, Oct. 24.

Underwear, Outing Flannels, Blankets, Bath Robes, Brown Cotton Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Silkalines and Denims.

Friday, Oct. 25.

Cloakes, Capes, Rugs, Art Squares, Curtains, Muslins and Oriental Goods.]

Saturday, Oct. 26.

Cotton Batting, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Wool Fascinators, Turkish Towels, Percales and Print.

The Very Low Prices are quoted in our booklet. See that you get one.

DAVIS & KISLAR

SCHOOL BOOKS

You must have them. You will save Time and Money, if you go

FRANK SMITH

for your SCHOOL SUPPLIES. Many Second Hand Books taken in exchange. Bring them in. Lots of things given to the children at

FRANK SMITH'S

Come and see.

1881 1901

20 Years at the White Front

A. A. GRAVES

— DEALER IN —

CHOICE GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

GOOD GOODS A SPECIALTY.

105 Congress Street.

INTERESTING PRICES

Embroidered Collar Tops 5c each

Splendid Fancy Outings 5c yd

All Wool Waist Flannels 25c yd

Large pound rolls cotton bale 10c

Ladies' Fleece Lined Hose, 2 pr. for 25c

Ladies' Full Length Plush Capes at \$3.98

Short Lengths of 10c Flannelettes at 6c yd

CASH DRY GOODS CLOAKS **BERT H. COMSTOCK,** 128 CONGRESS STREET

MACDOWELL GRAVES IS VISITING HERE

MacDowell Graves, a former Ypsilanti resident now a mining engineer who lives in Mexico, has been making a visit to the United States, and he recently called on old friends in the city.

In speaking of Mexico, which he thinks is the finest country on earth as far as the climate is concerned, Mr. Graves said: "One of the most curious sights is the ruins of the old Aztec temples that are to be found in certain parts of the country. One in particular, the ancient temple of Mitla, which is about 20 miles south of Oaxaca in South Mexico, is wonderful. It is built of huge blocks of granite that have been carried for 200 miles or more over mountains where there are no roads, and it is one of the most interesting structures one can imagine. The blocks are covered with finely-carved hieroglyphics that look like the Egyptian inscriptions, and in all probability when they are translated we will find out a great deal about the people who built the temples. Eastern universities are beginning to turn their attention to these Aztec ruins, and in many instances the Mexican government is taking steps to have them protected and preserved."

"Just about as interesting as the ruined temples are the churches that are still in use. You have no idea of their magnificence unless you have actually seen them. Why money seems to have been no object, for gold and silver is to be found seemingly all over them. Many are actually pressed in gold leaf, and there is no end to the valuable ornaments and paintings they contain."

Mr. Graves believes that mining in Mexico has a bright future that will dawn with the introduction of modern machinery and methods. Silver is not the only metal that is found there in abundance, as there are many valuable leads of gold, copper and lead, that will some time make fortunes for a good many. In some of the mines, he says, the manner of operation is primitive in the extreme, the blasting being done by pouring water on heated rock or using wooden wedges that are wet after they have been pounded home in crevices in the rock, and the ore being taken from the mines by Indians who carry 150 pound loads up the ladders on their backs. The Indians are extremely hardy people, who work twelve hours a day carrying ore, and then are as fresh as when they started in, leave the mines for a 12 or 15-mile walk to their homes.

"Many of the mines, particularly in the southern part, are extremely valuable," he said, "and they will yield large returns as soon as railroads are built, so modern machinery can be brought in at reasonable expenses. The old Spaniards were well aware of the stores of gold and silver hidden away in the Mexican hills, and before they were driven out by the Indians they operated many mines. Some are to be seen just as they were hurriedly abandoned, and again others have been carefully sealed up, and finding them is a matter of chance."

Mr. Graves will return in a short time to continue his work in the mines.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

YPSILANTI GIRL IN SOCIAL WORK

The work of the social settlement has in recent years become one of the most potent factors in the uplifting of the masses in congested and poverty-stricken city districts. The latest and in many ways the most interesting of all, the institutional church and social settlement is located at 2825 Dearborn street, Chicago, in the heart of a colored population of about 15,000, among whom poverty is the rule and conditions are very discouraging.

This settlement is unique in being the first attempt by the colored race to work along social settlement lines for the moral, social, industrial and religious betterment of their own people. It attempts to do for the Chicago negroes what Tuskegee is doing for the southern country negroes—to make them intelligent, self-supporting, useful citizens.

The work is of especial interest to Ypsilanti, because one of the white residents is an Ypsilanti girl, Miss Jennie Mae Snedecor. She graduated from the Normal in 1895 and completed an advanced course in 1897. She is about 25 years old. After teaching two years part of the time being at Gosse Ile she decided to devote her life to work among the colored people and in 1898 received from the American Missionary association an appointment as instructor in mathematics in Fisk university, Nashville, Tenn.

Last year Miss Snedecor was transferred to Straight university at New Orleans. She worked in the negro settlement at Chicago from May until Oct. 1, when she returned to Straight university for the winter.

Miss Snedecor's choice of a life-work met the violent opposition of many of her relatives and friends, but she has never regretted her decision, although it has involved many sacrifices, and she has been often subjected to slights and even insults, especially in the south.

Although under the auspices of the A. M. E. church, the new settlement work at Chicago is largely undenominational, all nationalities and creeds sharing its benefits, especially in its children's department.

WOMEN AND JEWELS.

Jewels, candy, flowers man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boesche's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. Green's reliable remedies at any drug store. Get Green's Special Almanac.

MISS JACKSON'S FINE CONCERT

The audience that assembled in Normal hall Thursday to hear Leonora Jackson, the violinist, expected much, on account of the young lady's international reputation, and they were not disappointed, as she proved to be an artist of the highest rank. Her first number, Rubenstein's Polonaise from Le Bal, displayed her wonderful technique, but it was in the following encore that she really reached the hearts of her listeners for the first time. Every tone was as clear as a bell, and the melody rose and fell and passed through its different phases as if it were the cry of a living thing instead of a mechanical effect. When the listener allowed his gaze to stray from the modest, unassuming figure of the young artist, he seemed to forget that it was she who was the author of the harmony that was filling the air, and it was rather as if she were coaxing a spirit forth from her violin, or as if the music were rippling out of its own will and without material assistance.

It would have been hard for the audience to have passed judgment on her different numbers, as each one but differed forth a varying phase of her wonderful art and genius. The simpler ones, however, were better understood than those presenting more technical difficulties, and they stole their way to the hearts of the listeners, as the coldly technical numbers could not do, although the latter were no less admired. Last evening was the first time it has been the privilege of an Ypsilanti audience to hear Miss Jackson, but it is to be sincerely hoped that it will not be the last.

Miss Jackson was ably supported by Mr. William Bauer, a well-known German pianist, and Mr. Harry J. Fellows, a popular tenor.

John W. Tuttle, an old and respected resident of Ypsilanti town, died Thursday about 10 o'clock. He was 67 years old and was born and has always lived on the homestead where he died. He has been in a bad state of health for three or four years past, suffering from a complication of diseases. The funeral was held from his late residence Saturday at 2 o'clock.

Makes assimilation perfect, healthy blood, firm muscles, strong nerves. Quickens the brain, makes and keeps you well. Great medicine, Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Ask your druggist. Morford & Smith.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is the means of life, and enjoyment of life to thousands: men women and children.

When appetite fails, it restores it. When food is a burden, it lifts the burden.

When you lose flesh, it brings the plumpness of health.

When work is hard and duty is heavy, it makes life bright.

It is the thin edge of the wedge; the thick end is food. But what is the use of food, when you hate it, and can't digest it?

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the food that makes you forget your stomach.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 West Street, New York, 50c, and \$1.00; all druggists.

A WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.

Should She Have Any Money to Call Her Own?

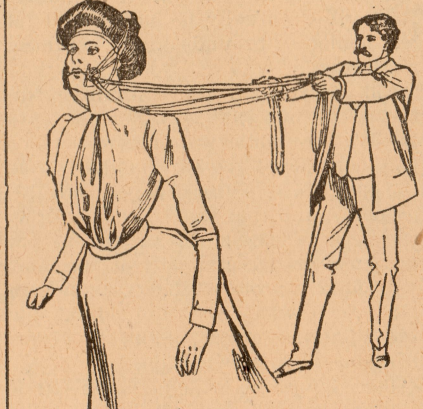
A certain prosperous man hands over to his wife \$50 every week. He never asks what she does with it, would not even mind if she gave some of it regularly to his mother-in-law. He is generosity itself, his wife says, and she ought to know. She uses it for the housekeeping, for her own clothing and family and personal expenses as she sees fit.

Yet this highly favored wife feels like a pauper and tells her husband so. She has said to him:

"When I was a cashgirl working for \$2 a week, I was more independent than I am now. You put your money into my hands to spend as I like, but whenever I part with a dime that is not wanted for our own expenses I feel as though I was using your money and I had no right to do it."

"But you know every cent I have is yours as much as mine," answered the husband. "I have perfect confidence in you, and I know you will always use the money wisely."

"But I don't want always to spend wisely," said his wife in turn. "I was a poor working girl, as you know, and always had my own money. There are those who were kind to me then. I could always make them little presents in return or do favors for them or lend them \$5 if I wanted to, because my money was of my own earning and it was nobody's business how I spent it. There is Aunt Harriet. She was richer than we were when I was at home with my parents. She was always helping me, always giving me



"HOLDS A CHECKREIN." pretty things I could not afford to buy. Now Aunt Harriet is very poor, while I am married to a man who is richer than she ever was, yet I have not really a penny of my own that I can give her to make her more comfortable."

"But don't I tell you that my money is yours?"

"I know you tell me so, and I know you mean it, but that does not make me feel free to spend it on my relatives. No self-respecting woman could do that. I am entitled to my board and clothes, which I get and have no fault to find with either, but I am also a housekeeper and homemaker and a busy one. I have nothing of my own, not a cent of wages in return for the employment in which most of my time is spent. What I want is this, and don't think me unreasonable, please. At the beginning of the year let us fix a certain sum, whatever seems to you right, and let it be mine regularly every week, to do just what I wish with, to save or to spend, without question or accounting. Then if I want to give Aunt Harriet a dollar or treat an old schoolmate to an ice cream I shall not feel as though I am stealing your money."

The husband, being an up to date man, at once saw the reasonableness of his wife's request. When the new year opens, pretty Mrs. Blank will receive her regular wage as housekeeper and homemaker.

Most husbands are generous; few are just. The tyranny of position influences them unconsciously. Many a man who pats himself on the back for being the most "indulgent" husband alive holds a constant checkrein on his wife without knowing it. A well-to-do man thinks nothing of buying \$10 worth of cigars to burn up in smoke and bestow on his friends, but would he not consider himself rather ill used if his wife should spend \$10 at a time for ice cream and candy with a few friends?

Many a girl earning \$5 a week and paying her own board is more independent financially—yes, and happier—than the wife of a man worth \$100,000. She can develop her own individuality. She can exercise her own tastes to the extent of that \$5 as the rich man's wife cannot do at all.

This pauperization of wives has continued since money began to be the lever of liberty. It is time it ceased among civilized men. Let a married woman have her regular allowance, small or great, according to the family means. Let American husbands institute a salary for wives.

SUSAN PEPPER.

What Baby Should Weigh.

The baby of normal weight tips the scales down at birth at the seven pound mark. If he or she is much heavier or much lighter, he or she is at odds with the average. A peculiar feature of baby weight is that during the first days of its life the youngster—that is, the perfectly normal youngster—loses one pound. Then examination made on the second or fourth day will show a weight of six pounds only. But after the first week, at the end of which time the lost pound should be regained, there is a steady advance. Ten pounds should have been reached by the time the baby is eight weeks old, and when it is twenty weeks old the weight should be fourteen pounds. At seven months old the figure should be sixteen pounds, and the year old baby should have a mark of twenty-one pounds to its credit. And so the future citizen or citizeness goes on building up until at the age of two years it is able to point with pride to a record of twenty-seven pounds.

* Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work.*



GOLD DUST will clean anything about the house at half the cost of soap and with half the labor. Housework is hard work without Gold Dust. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

THE WEST TRANSFORMED.

We are cultured to the limit in this famous western land.

Christianity upon us has a cinch, And refinement in our actions always plays a winning hand; We are getting there, dead certain, inch by inch.

As an ornament the pistol is completely out of date.

Very rarely do we have a schuetzenfest; We are up with the procession, and we mean to hold our gait; It no longer is the wild and woolly west.

We are short of desperadoes, scarcely ever see a tough With a yearning craze for shooting up the town, And the tenderfoot, from Jersey when he tries to run a bluff.

Undergoes a rather hasty calling down: We are drinking better liquor than we did in days of yore.

And we go about more fashionably dressed; The advancing wave of progress quenched our burning thirst for gore; It no longer is the wild and woolly west.

Not a Christian man among us wears his breeches in his boots.

And the old wool shirt is but a memory now, And we look with disapproval on the tenderfoot galoots.

Who are sporting big sombreros on the brow. We are seen at church on Sunday ere the trout begin to bite.

With a holy flame alight in every breast, And we're always in our couches at the stroke of 12 at night; It no longer is the wild and woolly west.

And our ladies, heaven bless 'em, are so modest, nice and sweet You would think them truant angels from the skies.

Never see them dash a-straddle on their bronchos through the street, Making hosiery displays for staring eyes.

Not a slangy word or sentence ever ripples from their lips, For a high old time they never go in quest; Not a gun is ever peeping from the pocket on their hips; It no longer is the wild and woolly west.

Oh, you bet your filthy lucre, we're refined to beat the band; We have culture to distribute to the birds, And the brand of fresh morality we always keep on hand.

Couldn't be described in common rhyme words, We in every moral attribute are strictly recherche, And that same 'n' pippy, visionary jest, And we love the rugged country into which we've come to stay;

It no longer is the wild and woolly west. —Denver Post.

HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW.

I could not sleep, was dizzy and my work tired me. Doctors gave me no hope. They told me Bright's disease had taken firm hold on my kidneys. As a last resort I purchased one box of Kid-Ne-Oids. I received immediate relief and continued their use until cured. Please publish this as I want others to know that Kid-Ne-Oids do cure. John O'Neill, Altoona, Pa. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

Meadow Saffron.

The foliage of meadow saffron (autumn crocus), when eaten, causes a burning thirst, dilated pupils, irritation of the throat and vomiting.

Voyage.

Voyage was formerly any journey; whether by sea or land, it did not matter.

The Sword Dance.

One of the most noted methods of "tripping the light fantastic" among the Scotch is the sword dance, which was originated by the Scandinavians and old Saxons and at one time was indulged in by the Spaniards.

A FIENDISH ATTACK.

An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he writes he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stores.

Insurance Abroad.

Eight million five hundred thousand Europeans have their lives insured—that is, 2 1/2 per cent of the population.

Hard Woods.

The hardest varieties of wood, such as mahogany, ebony and lignum vitae, grow in tropical climates, but their wood does not season as well as that of trees in the temperate zones.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO.

Beginning Tuesday, June 4th, and on each Tuesday thereafter, the Michigan Central will sell round trip excursion tickets for all regular trains leaving that day for Buffalo and return, at a rate of \$5.65 during the exposition. These tickets will be good returning on Thursday following date of sale; not good in sleepers or on steamer lines.

Children between five and twelve half rate. B. M. DAMON, Agent.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

True. Now man hops briskly out of bed And, lone and slumbering, Looks for the rice new overcoat He hung away last spring. He brings it from the closet, and He looks and throws a fit. The moths all through the summer time Have feasted well on it. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Likings. "I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable. "And I like your cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the oscillatory exercise. —Philadelphia Record.

A Little Encouragement. Peary, Peary. Don't get weary; Keep a movin' on the pole. If you slow up, You won't go up; Don't back out so near the goal. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Great Egg.

"Farmer Jones hez made th' record f'r hen eggs this year." "Yeon don't say! What is it?" "One of his chickens laid an egg as big as a ballstone." —Denver Times.

KID-NE-OIDS DO THE WORK.

When the kidneys are out of order all the other organs of the body are disturbed. The hands and feet are cold, the head aches, the appetite is lost, the blood is thin, etc. Cure the sick kidneys and the rest of the body will get well. The surest cure known is Kid-Ne-Oids. 50c. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

An Appeal.

Margaret taught me how to love, Then she left me; now I fret, Won't some nice miss come along And teach me, please, how to forget? —Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Reason.

She—You played a very careless game, Jack. Why don't you keep your eye on the ball? He—I can't keep it on both of you.—Brooklyn Life.

The Plutocrats.

We criticise them all we can And oft with a superior air, And yet there never was a man Who wouldn't be a millionaire. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Rather Dangerous.

"Was it a successful game?" "You bet! The other team had one nose, four legs, three ribs and an arm broken. Best game of the year." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Federal Labor union held its first meeting in its new hall, over 203 Congress st. Thursday night. The union has now a fine home, well furnished and equipped for all needs. The union is in a most flourishing condition. There are 200 members in good standing and 22 new members were taken in that night and 17 new applications for membership were received that night.

After the initiation of the new members and the completion of the ritualistic work, the doors were thrown open and a reception was held. Attorney Lee N. Brown made an address. Fried cakes and coffee were served and all went away believing it a good thing to belong to the Federal union.

Paper Teeth.

False teeth made from paper are said to last a lifetime.

A Danish Crown.

A Danish crown is worth 26.8 cents in this country.

New York's First Iron Works.

The first iron works in New York were "set up" a short time prior to 1740 on Ancram creek, in Columbia county, about fourteen miles east of the Hudson river, by Philip Livingston, the owner of the Livingston manor and the father of Philip, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

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The best place in America for young men and women to secure a Business Education, shorthand, Mechanical Drawing or Penmanship. Thorough system of Actual Business. Session entire year. Students begin any time. Catalogue Free. References, all Detroit. W. F. JEWELL, Pres. F. R. SPENCER, Sec.

YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

For the Mineral Baths. They stop the grip. As onefor the aft r effects they cannot be beaten.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Sattches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Sold everywhere in cans of all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

"We Have Got Them"

YOUNG TALKING PARROTS

For only \$5.00, if ordered this month. These birds are in perfect health and will make good talkers. ALSO,

YOUNG MOCKING BIRDS

Only \$3.00. Birds safely sent to any part of the state. Now is your chance. All orders will receive our personal attention.

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CANDY CATHARTIC

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c, 25c, 50c. Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Primroses.

Having a large lot on hand, which I do not wish to carry over, I offer my

Choice Primroses

At a reduction of one-fourth from regular value. Come and see them and you will buy.

G. F. KRZYSSKE, State Phone 26. FLORIST

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Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

Diamond Special

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DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleepers. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis reads via Illinois Central Railroad. It can be obtained of your local ticket agent. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago Ill.

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Going South?

If so, you secure many advantages by going via Cincinnati, the Queen & Crescent Route and Southern Ry. Its fast trains penetrate every part of the Central South. 24 hour schedule Cincinnati to Jacksonville and New Orleans. 9 hours to Chattanooga. 28 hours to Shreveport. 36 hours to Port Tampa. Observation, parlor and cafe cars—free reclining chairs—through Pullmans to all important Southern cities.

Our booklet tell you the advantages we offer over other routes, and are sent for the asking. Why not write us about it?

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

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Reference to the

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From Over the Seas

The Fashion Centres of Europe as well as America, supply the styles that make the Wooltex garments distinctive.

Both the old world and the new contribute the ideas incorporated in the

Wooltex

Garments for Women

The best thoughts of the great artists in dress creating are worked into the finished products by workers of unusual ability. Economy, durability, style and finish are qualities found in Wooltex garments to a greater degree than in any other ready to wear garments made. Sold by leading dealers.

Ask to see them. Look for the name Wooltex. If your dealer can't supply you, write us for the "Wooltex Fashion Book."

H. BLACK & CO.,
Cleveland, O.

YPSILANTI H. S. WON A CLOSE GAME

The Ypsilanti high school football team covered themselves with glory and dust Saturday at Detroit, defeating the strong eleven from the Detroit University School by 6 to 5, winning thus by the skill of their punter, Lawrence, who kicked the goal while the Detroit man missed.

The playing of both teams was snappy and aggressive, and Ypsilanti had a trifle the advantage in weight.

The Detroit Journal of last night touched up the game as follows:

A good imitation of "Varsity root-in" was pulled off by the little shavers of the Detroit University school at their grounds this morning. The occasion was the game of Ypsilanti high school against D. U. C.

The rooters ranged from the size of mother's darlings in knickerbockers up to smooth-faced youths who wore tailor-made shapes in imitation of their big brothers at college. They just slammed their feet on the bleachers and threw away their hats the same as big brother said he did when a 30-yard end run was made.

Two or three families of boys just tall enough to see over the ropes, without scraping the place where traces of many beards may show a decade hence, couldn't keep still, and rushed up and down the side lines. A scrimmage on the field where they saw their man advancing in a condition that threatened not to leave any pieces, set the little fellows skinning the cat on the ropes, but when the players had cleared away looked as skinned as the cat, and the small boys saw the ball 'way back where it had been fumbled, the words they said were startling resemblance to the way big brother could talk when mamma wasn't around.

Up in one corner of the bleachers was a boy about knee high to a full-back. He was in ecstasies over his brother's work and was letting them off in howls that quavered doubtfully between what the baby says when he gets spanked and a new-born bass vocal chord. But when he saw his brother knocked out by a cruel blow where the muscles were not stretched tightly enough over his wind, the howls he let out had lost their robing fervor.

The yells were a shrill piping chorus with a good amount of choir-boy soprano mixed in. But nevertheless they did it the way brother did when his man made a good play. So there were howls of "Good work! Good work!" when someone hit the ground somewhere near a fumble, and the other

fellow was told to "Go back and sit down."

And the girls were there, too. They came in short dresses, never quite long enough to hide a bewitchingly small foot. They waved colored ribbons and smiled on the players just as the co-eds do. But some of them were taking the entire attention of a bright, particular boy all off the game and eating popcorn while they talked of making sofa-pillows. And that was just the way the co-eds do.

TOT CAUSES NIGHT ALARM.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with Croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Crittenden, Ky. "It seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from Croup and Whooping Cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's.

KILLED WHILE COUPLING CARS

Toledo, O., Oct. 18.—John Orr died at St. Vincent's hospital, this city, at 11:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, the result of injuries received at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the Manhattan yards of the Pere Marquette railroad. He attempted to couple two cars when he missed his footing and fell under the trucks the cars passing over his legs. The left limb was terribly crushed and a gash was torn in the right. He was removed to the hospital where his left leg was amputated. It was not thought that he could recover. His remains were removed to his home, 2124 Ontario street, Tuesday afternoon. He leaves a wife and family and many friends to mourn his loss.

The funeral was held at St. James' M. E. church at 2 p. m. Thursday.

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH?

Sometimes a fortune, but never if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clean Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stores.

CASITORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*



LAXAKOLA

THE GREAT TONIC LAXATIVE

At some time, if not habitually, you have sour stomach, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, bad breath, dizziness, inactive liver, heartburn, kidney troubles, backache, loss of appetite, insomnia, lack of energy, bad blood, blotched or muddy skin, or some of the other symptoms and disorders which tell the story of bad bowels and an impaired digestive system. Laxakola will cure you. It will clean out the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys, strengthen the mucous membranes of the stomach, purify your blood and put you "on your feet" again. Your appetite will return, your bowels will move regularly, your liver and kidneys will cease to trouble you, your skin will clear and freshen and you will feel the old time energy and buoyancy.

Mothers who had been seeking the proper medicine to give their little ones for constipation, diarrhea, colic and similar troubles, find Laxakola an ideal medicine for children. Children like its taste and ask for it. It keeps their bowels regular without any pain or griping, and acts as a general tonic at the same time. It will assist nature, aid digestion, relieve restlessness, clear the coated tongue, reduce fever, cause refreshing, restful sleep and make them well, happy and hearty.

Laxakola, the great laxative tonic, is not only most the efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At druggists, 25c, and 50c, or send for free sample to THE LAXAKOLA CO., 135 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 350 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

HUMAN MONKEYS STUDIED.

Professor Haeckel Tells of the Interesting Species.

Professor Haeckel's latest publication contains some curious information regarding the human monkey of Java, says a London correspondent. A most interesting specimen of the young gibbon was watched by Professor Haeckel at his own house in Java.

The species is found only in Java and is called Hylobates leuciscus. The natives call it, on account of the characteristic sound it utters, "oa." When standing, it is scarcely taller than a child of six years. The head is comparatively small, and it has a small, slender waist. The legs are short and the arms much longer. The face is more human than that of the orang outang.

Professor Haeckel says:

"Its physiognomy reminded me of the manager of an insolvent bank pondering with wrinkled brow over the results of a crash. Distrust of the oa toward all white Europeans is noticeable. On the other hand, he was on terms of intimate friendship with the Malays in our household, especially with the small children. He never crawled on all fours when tired of running, but stretched on the grass beneath the tropical sun with one arm under his head.

"When I held tasty food just out of his reach, he cried like a naughty child, 'Huite, huite!' a sound altogether different from 'Oa, oa!' with which he expressed various emotions. He had a third and more shrill sound when he was suddenly frightened.

"The speech of these human monkeys has not many different sounds, but they are modulated and altered in tone and strength with a number of repetitions.

"They also use many gestures, motions with their hands and grimaces, which are so expressive in manner that a careful observer can detect their different wishes and various emotions.

"My specimen liked sweet wine. He grasped a cup in both hands and drank like a child. He peeled bananas and oranges just as we are accustomed to do, holding the fruit in his left hand. Most of the Malays do not regard the gibbon and orang outang as brutes. They believe the former are bewitched men and the latter criminals who have been changed to monkeys as punishment. Others think they are men in the course of development."

M'KINLEY'S FACE ON NOTES

Treasury Officials Propose to Put His Portrait on Ten Dollar Bills.

A committee of treasury officials is considering the question of placing the portrait of the late President McKinley on future issues of national bank bills of the denomination of \$10, says the Washington Post. The matter is only tentative at present and is in anticipation of the extension of charters of national banks next year. The present law provides that charters expire in 1902. They were renewed in 1882, and Comptroller Dawes has held that the law does not, in his opinion, authorize a second extension of charters. That law, passed away back in war-times, declares, however, that on the extension of charters new bills must be printed. So whether the charters are to be extended or new charters issued in their stead new national bank bills must be printed unless congress takes some action to the contrary this winter.

It is in anticipation of this situation that the advisability of printing the portraits of prominent men on national bank bills is being considered. The committee has already agreed upon the advisability of McKinley's portrait for the \$10 bills, of Harrison's portrait for the \$5 bills and of McCulloch's portrait for the \$20 bills. Still other portraits for other denominations will be selected and a recommendation made to the secretary of the treasury. There is now sufficient authority to print portraits on new issues of national bank notes. It is the opinion of experts that portraits on bills make it more difficult to counterfeit them, the subject having been investigated quite extensively by treasury officials. But while portraits have been printed on silver certificates and legal tender notes hitherto no portraits have appeared on national bank notes with the exception of Garfield's. It is noteworthy that his portrait appeared on national bank notes in 1882, not long after his assassination.

Roosevelt's Idea of Honesty.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of honesty are well illustrated in the following story, says the Chicago Tribune: It was during the time he conducted a cattle ranch in Wyoming. Riding about his ranch one day, he noticed a maverick from a neighbor's ranch. A maverick is a beast which has not been branded. One of his cowboys began to tumble the maverick over preparatory to branding it when the following colloquy occurred:

Roosevelt—What are you doing?

Rustler—Oh, I am just rustling!

Roosevelt—Are you going to put my brand on that maverick?

Rustler—Yes.

Roosevelt—You go up to the ranch-house and get your time tonight. I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you will steal for me, you will steal from me.

Edgren Goes to Stockholm.

Professor A. H. Edgren, dean of the Graduate school of the University of Nebraska, has been appointed a member of the Nobel institute of the Swedish academy in Stockholm, which is to recommend for the academy's awarding of the annual Nobel prize (about \$40,000) in literature. Professor Edgren, whose field will be American and English literature, will remove to Stockholm.

WRECK OF THE ISLANDER

Tragic Stories Told by Survivors of the Disaster.

ENGINEER'S TOUCHING FAREWELL

From All Accounts the Officers and Crew of the Steamship Sunk by an Iceberg Did Their Duty and Showed Great Bravery—Captain Foote's Coolness.

The responsibility for the Islander disaster is being discussed, and although the fast speed—14 knots—is criticised, the accident seems to have been unavoidable, says a Victoria (B. C.) dispatch to the New York Sun. The stories of the passengers of the captain being excited by liquor are known to be untrue.

That Captain Foote acted as he did in not wanting immediately to put the steamer on the beach is easily understood in view of the past experience of that navigator when in command of the steamer Danube about two years ago. The Danube struck a piece of ice off Taku Arm, which tore a hole in the steamer's bow, but bulkheads saved the steamer from flooding, and she steamed into Juneau a little down by the head, but otherwise intact. She was temporarily repaired at Juneau and steamed down to Victoria with a hole in her bow just at the water line, which was temporarily patched with canvas and cement.

When the Islander struck, Captain Foote, who acted coolly and gave his orders in a calm voice, according to those who stood by, evidently thought that, as in the instance of the Danube, the bulkheads of the Islander would save the steamer. She had four bulkheads, one about ten feet or thereabout from her bow, the second beneath the steamer's bridge and the third away aft. Without doubt, according to the surviving officers, the ice struck the steamer on her port quarter just aft of the second bulkhead, beneath the bridge, and through the hole torn there the water rushed into the large portion of the vessel amidships to her next bulkhead. It rushed into the engine room, and although two firemen endeavored to shut the top wheel and keep back the water from the engine room all was useless.

The story of the getting out of the boats as told by the survivors now returned shows that the officers and crew of the steamer Islander acted with brave self sacrifice in neglecting to secure their own lives and struggling to secure the safety of their passengers. But many of the passengers rushed into the boats and fought to push off before the boats filled, neglecting chances to save others in their hurry to get the boats away. When Second Officer Powell jumped from the steamer to save himself as the steamer was making her final plunge, there was a boat standing by for Mrs. Ross and others, but when the steamer plunged it sheered off at once and did not wait.

In some of the boats there were a scanty number of passengers. In one boat, according to several survivors, there were only ten men, and in another only 17. These facts bear out Pilot Le Blanc's statement that, had the passengers preserved order in launching the boats, the list of dead would not have been so large.

From Captain Foote down to firemen and waiters it is shown that the men of the Islander did their duty and remained with the vessel as long as was possible. Captain Foote waited on the bridge until the water almost lifted him off. Pilot Le Blanc, Second Mate Powell and Mate Neurots waited until the vessel was making her final plunge before they jumped for safety. Purser Bishop coolly gave the gold from his safe to those who came for it and helped with the boats to the end. Steward Simpson waited until the lights had gone out and the steamer was foundering before he sought safety, and his second steward, Horace Fowler, went down to death while ascertaining if all the passengers had left their state-rooms. Chief Engineer Brownlee, Second Engineer Allan, Third Engineer Alice, Fourth Engineer Denny, each of them waited until the engines were useless, and there was no use remaining in the engine room, and then went to render assistance in getting out the boats, declining a place themselves.

The farewell of the engineers in the flooding engine room was a tragic feature of the catastrophe. The bell had changed twice for full speed ahead, and when the levers had been moved the only effect was to make the two screws of the steamer race wildly in the nonresisting air and cause the big steamer to tremble. So far had the flooding steamer gone down by the head that the propellers and rudder were out of the water and the engines were useless. The clanging signals from the bridge calling for "full speed ahead" could not be obeyed, and after the engines had been stopped and two firemen had died in attempting to shut the top wheel, which would have blocked the water, the engineers took each other by the hand, and then, as they ran for the upper deck, Second Engineer Allan said in his Scotch accent:

"If we meet we meet, and if we don't we don't; we'll make a bold dash for it, anyway."

The others met again, but Second Engineer Allan went down to death, and his wife of five months is a widow.

Second Officer Powell of the wrecked Islander gives details of the death of Captain Foote. When the steamship went down, he struck out from the ship and soon saw a raft. On this raft he saw Pilot Le Blanc at one side and Captain Foote.

Soon after the second mate grasped

the life line of the raft to support himself, one big fellow on the center of the raft drew a revolver and, with an oath, shouted to the second officer to let go or he would blow his brains out.

"Shoot away," said Powell, "for I guess you will soon follow me anyhow. I believe your cartridges are too wet."

He continued to cling to the raft until he saw a door floating by and left the raft and struck out for that. Pilot Le Blanc, who had been clinging to the raft, cried out about the same time from a different direction. Captain Foote had pulled his pipe from his pocket as he sat on the raft, an action which, according to those who knew the captain, would show that he was agitated, for he invariably began filling his pipe when agitated over anything.

As he pulled out his pipe some of the passengers on the raft, the man with the revolver in particular, began to make cutting remarks to the captain. Captain Foote replied, "Oh, I've lost my ship, and I suppose I have to take my medicine, but I can die as game as any of you."

The man in the center remarked that there was little room on the raft anyway. He said he did not think there was room enough for the captain.

"I guess there are too many of us on the raft," said Captain Foote.

"Goodby, boys," he added, and with these words he slipped off the raft and swam away. Part of this conversation was heard by Second Officer Powell, and others of the survivors tell of remarks that were made by passengers and the captain after the second officer left the raft.

As the door floated through the chilly water the second officer suddenly saw the captain near by supporting himself by an oar. He had no cap and was very pale. The second mate shouted to him, "Is that you, captain?" And on receiving an affirmative reply he shouted over the water, "What have you got?" The captain replied that he had an oar. Together they drifted along for some time, and after awhile he lost the captain in the mist. He shouted to him several times before he got out of sight, but received no reply.

Steward Simpson, who came home by the Yosemite, having come down to Vancouver on the steamship Farallon, tells of seeing the captain go down to death. He saw the captain supporting himself on an oar and shouted, "Are you there, captain?" Captain Foote replied, "Yes." And the steward said, "Come and take hold here; I've got the jackstake."

"It's too late," said the captain, and a moment or two afterward he let go and went down.

FINDS PREHISTORIC BONES.

Carnegie Museum Collector Discovers Skeletons of Ancient Horses.

The Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh will shortly receive a consignment from one of its collectors, a Mr. Peterson, which will probably cause important discussion in the scientific world, says a Harrison (Neb.) dispatch to the New York Times. Mr. Peterson has discovered in and below the bed of a creek running near Harrison six skeletons perfectly preserved by petrification. These are the bones of horses beyond possibility of scientific refutation, but from their size they prove conclusively that the prehistoric horse was much smaller than the animal as it appears nowadays.

Although the skeletons have not been set up by Mr. Peterson, they are complete. From the measurements taken it is apparent that the horses of the time when these were alive were about the size of a 2-months-old colt of the present day. Mr. Peterson found the skeletons while prospecting for relics for the museums. A small bone, seemingly an ordinary stone, gave him the first clew. Following up his find, he arrived at a point indicating to his scientific discernment that more bones were to be found by digging. Three of the skeletons were found one above the other, though a short distance apart laterally. The other three were in different parts of the creek bed.

KOCH SAYS WAIT.

Is Confident His Tuberculosis Theory Will Be Proved.

Professor Robert Koch, in explaining his recent London address on consumption, declares that experiment with actual facts is the only method of fighting the disease. To the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald he declared that argument could not in any manner forward the matter. Statistics will not accomplish what experiment alone can do.

Dr. Koch said it was now demonstrated that human tuberculosis could not be transmitted to cattle. By careful watching the reverse of this would be indisputably proved.

He did not wish to dismantle all the expensive systems of regulation, inspection and prevention now in vogue, but he thought it wise not to add to these systems useless appendages. The remedy, he believes, is almost within reach.

"The Lone Mariner" Weds.

Captain Andrews, "the lone mariner," who married Miss South recently, says an Atlantic City dispatch to the New York World, will set sail in a 12 foot boat for Lisbon on Aug. 28 with his bride. Some time ago Andrews advertised for a young woman to cross the Atlantic in a cockleshell with him, and from scores of replies selected the letter of Miss South. When they met, they fell in love.

Statue of Dr. Gilbert.

A full length marble statue of Dr. William Gilbert, the father of electrical science and author of "De Magnete," is to be erected at the instance of members of the medical profession at Colchester, England, his old home.

Estate of P. Henry Harris.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 17th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.

Present, WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of P. Henry Harris, deceased.

John B. Harris executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes in to court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final administration account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Friday, the 1st day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor in said county, and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order (to be published in the Ypsilanti Sentinel—Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing).

WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
GEORGE R. GUNN, Probate Register.

DON'T TOBACCO SPOIL YOUR LIFE!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **40-70-80-90** that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over **500,000** cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Book and advice FREE. Address, **STURLING'S REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.** 437

File No. 8965 12-351.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of a **HERBERT M. SCHMIDT** of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the late residence of said deceased in the Township of Salem in said County, on the 4th day of January, and on the 4th day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, October 31st, 1901.

HUSON ALSBRO,
ALBERT L. WALKER,
Commissioners.

FRANK JOSELYN, atty.-at-law, Ypsilanti, Mich.
File No. 8964 12-371.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of **JOHN SCHEMEL**, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of **FRED W. GREEN** in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on the 23rd day of November and on the 1st day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

FRED W. GREEN,
TRACY LAY TOWSER,
Commissioners.

Dated, August 5th, 1901.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, Original! **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA** Made only by Madison Med. Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or you're keeping your bowels open, and the well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or purgatives, does you no good. It's sweet, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascara

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip, 10, 25, and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and book of 432 health addresses.

STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO OR NEW YORK.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.



Trains leave Ann Arbor as follows:

NORTHBOUND

8 43 am	4 43 pm	7 39 am	8 40 pm
12 15 pm	12 30 pm	11 25 am	

SOUTHBOUND

8 43 am	4 43 pm	7 39 am	8 40 pm
12 15 pm	12 30 pm	11 25 am	

Between Toledo and Ann Arbor only.

All trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O.

E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbor.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1 40pm	9 05am	Ypsilanti	4 35pm	12 35pm
2 05pm	9 19am	Fittsfield Jct.	4 30pm	1 14pm
2 20pm	9 27am	Saline	4 28pm	1 25am
2 45pm	9 39am	Bridgewater	4 14pm	1 50am
3 25pm	10 00am	Brooklyn	4 00pm	2 00pm
4 24pm	10 38am	Woodstock	3 23pm	9 00am
4 50pm	10 49am	Jerome	3 11pm	8 43am
5 23pm	11 07am	Hillsdale	2 59pm	8 58am
5 39pm	11 18am	Chicago	2 55pm	9 00pm
6 00pm	11 35am	Chicago	2 55pm	7 40am

7 10am 7 15pm Chicago 8 30am 3 00am

11 19pm 12 25pm Toledo 10 35am 6 56pm

5 23pm 5 40pm Chicago 10 35am 6 56pm

6 50am 10 10pm Buffalo 12 40am 7 55am

All trains daily except Sunday

F. M. BROW

THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

\$1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

tered at the Postoffice in Ypsilanti, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24.

Senator Mark Hanna announced in a speech at Delaware, Ohio, the other day that he had no intention of retiring from politics or from any of the political positions which he holds. This may mean much or little. But it is pretty certain that whether he retires or stays in, the greatest part of his public career is behind him. It is extremely doubtful, if he ever again wields the influence he has in the past. Hanna is not the man to win such a position of influence as he had with the McKinley administration through the suffrages of the people. He has made a president but it is scarcely possible for him to become what he made another. That he has wonderful powers of organization must be conceded. But the people have not been accustomed to elect to the presidency men of the Hanna type. He undoubtedly handled the biggest corruption fund that was ever spent in this country in any election, but that is scarcely a qualification for the presidency. He is not a man who has a strong hold on even his near associates except through the power he has exercised. With that taken away from him in large measure, he will be a much less influential man. He can never hope to have the influence with the present administration that he had with President McKinley.

Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is a picturesque writer. His comment on the president's dining Booker T. Washington certainly is luridly picturesque. It is as follows:

"Looking at it from a partisan point of view, democrats may take little comfort to themselves. Whatever happens this is not our funeral. Out in the cold as we may be, shivering as we are, and hungry, yea, verily, and thirsty, yet as we stand around the White House and look in through the windows and see Teddy and Booker hobnobbing over their possum and potatoes, not one of us is disposed to envy either of them, or to exclaim of either: 'Wouldn't it be bully to be him?' We prefer to take our chances of the future, we had rather wait till our time comes.

"Somehow, the look ahead does not seem so hopeless nor the distance so long. We democrats have but to get together and keep our powder dry to carry all before us three years hence, because this young man is a broncho buster, and he is going to raise more of that stuff from the very hot place with the very short name, to the square inch, than was ever raised before in that particular neck of the woods. Sursum Corda. There's a good time coming. Wait a little longer."

Tom Platt has been to see the president. It has not yet been said that the president has been to see Platt. But even that might be excused on the ground that Roosevelt owes a debt of gratitude to Platt. For Platt really made Roosevelt president. Not intentionally, by any manner of means. Platt is too wise a political boss for anything of that nature. He put up a pretty good scheme to shelve Roosevelt for all time and it would have worked had it not been for the unforeseen bullet of the anarchist. And now that Roosevelt has fallen off the shelf and into the saddle that Platt had tried to put out of his reach, Platt must need to go and see him. There are some nice, fat political plums in New York and Platt knows whom he wishes to have them for the greatest good of Boss Platt.

If Ypsilanti really must have a stone crusher she can purchase Ann Arbor's stone crusher for half price. This stone crusher did its work all right as a stone crusher, but the Ann Arbor city fathers' experiments with macadamized streets did not indicate that such streets were profitable here. But if Ypsilanti must try this experiment for herself, she could undoubtedly get as good a stone crusher by buying Ann Arbor's as by buying any in the market, and as Ann Arbor has no use for it, Ypsilanti could undoubtedly get it cheap.

What a spectacle Senator McMillan presents in coming to the defense of the notorious Tom Navin, chairman of the Detroit republican city committee, and also of "ripper" legislation. The exigencies of politics sometimes make men of good personal character do or say things which down in the bottom of their hearts they must really be ashamed of.

It took a Detroit judge Monday just an hour and a half to try seven divorce cases and divorce seven unhappy couples. Divorce is becoming even easier than marriage in Michigan and the legislature should pass more stringent divorce laws.

In the Boer war England has already lost 548 officers and 5,823 men killed in action and 10,738 died of disease. Besides this 29,561 officers and men have been wounded in action and 8,836 captured. It is a pretty dear price England is paying for the Transvaal.

Burke Cockran, the great orator, has returned to the democratic fold and is supporting Shepard, the Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York. It is also said that Grover Cleveland will write a letter in Shepard's behalf.

PLATT HAS BEEN ARRESTED

FORMER MEMBER OF THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Has Finally Been Arrested for Wrecking the Building and Loan Association at Flint

Frederick A. Platt of Flint, formerly a member of the state board of education and secretary of the defunct Citizens' Building & Loan association, has been arrested at Saginaw on a warrant sworn out by one of the shareholders in the company, charging him with embezzlement, the sums specified being \$1,201.50 and \$3,004.30.

Platt was a member of the state board of education and a respected citizen of Flint, when, last February, it was found that he was \$42,000 short in his accounts with the Flint Building & Loan association, of which he was secretary.

He resigned from the board, and after the nine days' wonder at his fall from rectitude had died out, he dropped from the public gaze, but by his arrest and coming trial the affair will be given another airing.

The wrecking of the Building & Loan association over which he was the presiding genius was made possible only by the implicit faith which the other officials reposed in him, and the exposure of his methods of conducting the business of the concern in which so many of the people of Flint were financially interested came upon the community like the proverbial thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The association went into the hands of a conservator, and his badly entangled affairs have since been making slow progress toward ultimate settlement.

There was strong talk at the time of arresting Platt, but staunch friends interposed in his behalf and proposed to reimburse the association to an extent that would make it possible for the poorer stockholders to be paid in full. This proposition was worked out along the line of buying up the stock of shareholders who could afford to sacrifice from 40 to 50 per cent of the money that they had actually paid into the association.

A near relative of the defaulting official made partial restitution for him by giving up a house and lot in this city, and with the cash raised by the plan put into execution by Platt's friends, the poorer shareholders, according to the public understanding of the situation, fared considerably better than indications promised when the exact financial status of the wrecked association was first made public.

DRUNKEN WOMAN CALLS ON Y. W. C. A.

Officer Ryan has again impressed the fire department "hurry-up wagon" into service as a patrol wagon, and this time, which was Saturday night, the occupant was of the female persuasion.

The ladies in charge of the Y. W. C. A. headquarters on Congress street were astonished Saturday night by the advent of a woman who was evidently very much under the influence of liquor, and who politely but with the use of superfluous "sch's" informed them that she was "schleepy" and wanted to lie down.

The ladies were all very much frustrated and immediately each began trying to do three or four things at once, but their efforts were finally successful in getting their visitor on the couch and surrounded by camphor bottles and smelling salts, which latter it had been thought would bring her back to sobriety.

The moment the inebriate touched the couch her eyes closed and a sigh of relief escaped her lips, and she dropped into a deep sleep, from which she only aroused once, to answer one of the ladies who was trying Christian science tactics on her and assuring her that she was not intoxicated and only needed to exert her will to be all right, with the drowsy affirmation, "I ain't drunk."

Officer Ferguson was called, but the woman refused to accompany him, so a request was sent to Marshal Warner for reinforcements.

Officer Ryan was sent, and he quickly decided that it was a case for the fire department "hurry-up," so in short order the woman was loaded into the wagon and then unloaded at the jail.

Monday morning she was given the alternative of \$5 or ten days at Ann

Arbor by Justice Joslyn and she decided to take the 10 days. She claimed to be from Detroit.

The Hawaiian Woman's club at Honolulu debated the question: "Is it better to take Rocky Mountain Tea hot or cold?" Either way it magnifies your pleasure. Ask your druggist. Morford & Smith.

ONE ANN ARBOR MAN LIKES IT

The following letter, received by Ald. Colby from ex-Ald. L. D. Wines of Ann Arbor, is of public interest, as those opposed to the purchase of a stone crusher by Ypsilanti have pointed out Ann Arbor as a horrible example, with a white elephant on its hands. Ald. Colby:

Dear Sir—The interview published in the Washtenaw Times a Sunday or two ago, respecting your inspection of macadam roads in Grand Rapids, was refreshing reading. Ann Arbor has no "white elephant" on its hands in the shape of a road-roller or a stone crusher. They are both valuable machines, and all they want is using. I convinced that macadam roads are far superior to paved streets of any kind, when laid in cities like Ann Arbor or Ypsilanti. If one quarter of the expense necessary to keep a brick or asphalt pavement clean were used in keeping a proper surface on a macadam road, it would last forever, and always be better for travel, both for man and beast. It is also much easier to keep the dust down on a macadam road, for the earth holds moisture much better than any pavement.

I have no other interest in writing to you than that of being deeply interested in good roads all over the United States.

I hope that Ypsilanti will buy the machines and demonstrate to Ann Arbor that macadam roads are the best roads in the world. I believe that both Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti have all the pavement they want or can afford. The only place where a pavement is to be preferred is on some hill where the street is liable to washing in time of storm.

Very truly yours,
L. D. WINES, Ex-Alderman.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
We will be pleased to guarantee Kid-Ne-Olds to cure backache, nervousness, kidney and blood diseases. From experience we know that when properly used Kid-Ne-Olds never fail to effect a complete cure. 50c. For sale by MORFORD & SMITH, Druggists.

WANTED TO GO BY MORPHINE ROUTE

There was a report Monday that a certain married woman made an unsuccessful attempt to take her life last night by taking a large dose of morphine. A physician was called and by strenuous exertions succeeded in saving her. The woman is reported to have moved here from Lansing a short time ago. She is said to be a little unbalanced at times, this condition resulting from severe injuries sustained a few years ago.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobb's Sarsaparilla cures all the same. Write for free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

The Ypsilanti Whist club arranged for a series of ladies' nights the last Friday in each month, beginning this week, Friday, Oct. 25. A pair of very pretty pins have been provided, and will be given each time to the lady having top score north and south and east and west, to be worn until the following monthly meeting. A record of the scores will be kept, and the pins will become the permanent property at the end of the season of the two ladies having the highest average scores for a majority of the games. All lady whist players are invited to attend, and pairing up will be according to the wish of the participants. The games will be called at 8:15 a. p. m.

PERHAPS YOU WONDER

If the tormenting cold that made last winter one long misery will be as bad this year. Certainly not, if you take Allen's Lung Balsam when tickling and rawness in the throat announce the presence of the old enemy. Do not expect the cold to wear itself out. Take the right remedy in time. Allen's Lung Balsam is free from opium.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The sewing classes have been organized and are open to new members on Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

The delegates who attended the convention at Jackson have returned and each will give a report at the regular meeting Sunday at 4:30.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—

That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. J. A. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills
rid the blood of all impurities and cure all eruptions.

OCTOBER.

Now we're welcoming October,
Though in sober colors gowned,
For she brings us newer pleasures
And enough to go around.
Now we get the cooling breezes
That give life a freshened zest,
And the time that's spent in slumber
Yields more satisfying rest.

Now the frost gets on the chestnuts,
And the birds their contents spill
To repay the weary seeker
Who has trudged o'er vale and hill,
And the leaves are being painted
By the fine artistic hand
Of J. Frost, who at this season
Goes cavorting o'er the land.

Now the hunters get excited,
For the day is drawing nigh
When with dogs and guns and game bags
To the country they will hie.
Many plans they're now arranging
To bring back a lot of game,
And each one of them is certain
He'll catch up with Nimrod's fame.

Now the sauerkraut and the wiener
Get the flavor long desired,
And the oyster, however eaten,
Is more ardently admired.
There's a hankering for slajacks
And the other toothsome things
That were missing in the summer,
But which kind October brings.

Now the dance and play and concert
Fill the evenings with delight,
And the autumn girl is proving
That she's certainly all right.
There are many other pleasures,
And enough to go around,
And that's why we hail October,
Though in sober garb she's gowned.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rather Particular.



Housewife—I want six logs sawed two feet long, five logs one foot long and seven logs sawed and split into small pieces.

Tramp—Madam, I think you need a cabinet maker. This is not in my line. —Boston Herald.

Severely Practical.
"Have you ever done anything which you think ought to command the gratitude of posterity?" asked the friend.
"Now, what's the use of taking up my time with such questions as that?" said Senator Sorghum, visibly annoyed.
"You know as well as I do that posterity hasn't any vote in the coming election." —Washington Star.

Says Mr. Sourdop.
"Yes, it's mostly bill and coo during the honeymoon," growled Mr. Sourdop, helping himself to the best piece of chicken. "but after that I've noticed that it is pretty nearly all bill."

Whereupon the young dry goods clerk was seen to look thoughtfully in the direction of the schoolteacher. —Baltimore American.

An Emergency Muster.
Mrs. Dash—Mrs. Rash's friends didn't come.
Mrs. Cash—Dear me! Her ice cream and cake were a dead loss on her hands.
Mrs. Dash—No, indeed. She rushed around in her own neighborhood and invited a lot of people she hadn't asked. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One Contributor Less.
"I feel greatly encouraged and mean to try some more articles on the magazine editors."
"What has encouraged you?"
"The fact that President Roosevelt may be expected to pull out and leave room for the rest of us." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Tip to Golfers.
Putter—But what ought I to talk to my partner about?
Putter—Her splendid play, of course.
Putter—And if she is a regular duffer?

Putter—Tell her what lobsters the others are. —Brooklyn Life.

Out of the Question.
Hoax—It's all well enough to talk of keeping anarchists out of the country, but they can't put a stop to all pauper immigration.

Joax—Of course not. How could our headdresses get their titled husbands? —Philadelphia Record.

Counting.
"Brains are what count in this day," said the enthusiast.
"Yes," answered the pessimist, "but there isn't much use of their counting if you can't put dollar marks in front of the figures employed in the process." —Washington Star.

His Awakening.
Mrs. Enpeck (who is seriously ill)—If I were to die, Henry, you would never be able to get another wife like me.
Enpeck—Whatever put the fool idea into your head that I'd want another like you? —Chicago News.

Everybody Against Him.
"Mr. Booleby isn't very popular, is he?"
"No. The poor fellow seems to have fewer friends than a fat man in a crowded street car." —Harper's Bazar.

Desperation.
Wild Eyed Man—I want some soothing slrup, quick!
Druggist—What sized bottle?
Wild Eyed Man—Bottle! I want a keg. It's twins! —New York Weekly.

PHOENIX COMPANY IS MAKING READY

OLD FOLLETT HOUSE IS BEING PUT INTO SHAPE

Twelve Families From Detroit Are Brought Here by Reason of the Factory

Ypsilanti will soon be making reed chairs, baby carriages, etc.

The Phoenix Reed Co. of Detroit have begun the work of establishing themselves in this city, in the Follett block on the east side, and they expect to have all their goods in the city by Nov. 1.

Three of the four partners were here yesterday, superintending the setting up of a new boiler in the Follett boiler house, and looking after their own personal effects, which have been shipped to their future homes on the east side. "We will work rapidly," they said to a reporter, "and we hope to be all moved by the first of the month. It will bring ten families with us and as many single men and will employ Ypsilanti men to bring the total force up to 45 or 50. We are working extra hard in Detroit in order to get ahead with the woodwork so we won't get behind while we are moving."

When asked what shape the Follett building is in at present they answered that considerable work will be necessary to get the floors in shape and to remove partitions, but that when the necessary alterations are made it will exactly suit their purpose.

The Follett house has been leased for five years. Cornwell's warehouse has also been leased by the company.

A large elevator is being placed in the building. The main demand in the new factory is plenty of floor space, the reeds used being of considerable length. The labor is mostly hand labor. The old Follett hall, where so many parties have been held in times past, and the old dining room will be the first rooms put into use.

The company brings 12 families with them to start with. This means a probable increase in Ypsilanti's population of 50.

FRATERNITY AND PROTECTION.

Insurance Secured Without Lodge Secrets and Dues.

The New Era Association of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is the latest beneficiary society to make its appearance here, and is unique in several respects. It has solved the problem of how to give fraternal insurance without the lodge, brought its membership into closed relationship or brotherhood by introducing in its organic law a perfected representative system of government or a guarantee majority rule without proxies. Whenever ten or more members are secured, branch boards are organized and delegates elected, but in place of giving them supreme power to act, it reserves the right of their constituency to ratify or reject any or all their acts.

Mr. C. D. Sharrow, their general manager, who is in town, informs us some of their special features, aside from saving thirty per cent cost on one thousand dollars' protection, are time and responsibility saved in maintaining a lodge, and immunity from annulment of certificate through suspension of lodge when supreme court says "you cannot collect the insurance although you may hold receipt for your assessment." Further, he states their rates are established upon the death rate of the Foresters, Woodmen and Maecabees, and by charging one assessment monthly, it expects from each member the wholesale price of protection according to their four orders with an average age of twenty years and having a membership of over one million.

STOPS THE COUGH

AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cough, no pay. Price 25 cents.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It—To Prove What Lansfield's Great Kidney Remedy Will Do for You Every Reader of the Sentinel-Commercial May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorders of these most important organs. The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty. If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder troubles, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to the Lansfield Medicine Co., 128 Lafayette avenue, Detroit, Mich., who will gladly send you by mail, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Lansfield's Kidney and Bladder Cure. This great medicine has been used by the people of Washtenaw county for the past sixteen years. It is nothing new.

E. H. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS

Of America Use Pe-ru-na For All Catarrhal Diseases.



Mrs. Toft, President Valtrein Association, of Chicago.

Mrs. Catherine Toft, President of the Valtrein Association, of Chicago, in a recent letter, writes the following:

5649 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ills.

"Knowing of the very satisfactory results from the use of Peruna in cases of a worn-out system and a broken-down constitution, I have often advised it, and am glad to speak of the well deserved praise those who have tried it have given it. It is of superior merit. I endorse it." —MRS. CATHERINE TOFT.

Letters of gratitude from various institutions of the country, to the manufacturers of Peruna, indicate the high appreciation that these institutions have for this remedy.

Mrs. Clara Makemer, housekeeper for the Florence Crittenton Anchorage Mission, of Chicago, writes the following letter from 302 Chestnut street, Chicago:

"Peruna is the best tonic I have ever known for general debility—a sure cure for liver complaint, and a never-failing adjuster in cases of dyspepsia. I have also used it in cases of female irregularities and weak nerves common to the sex, and have found it most satisfactory." —MRS. CLARA MAKEMER.

A book written by Dr. Hartman on the different phases of catarrh and their treatment; also "Health and Beauty," written especially for women, sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

FACTORY FOUNDATION IS STARTED

The Michigan Ladder Co. are building the foundation for their new factory on Forest avenue, opposite the Michigan Central yards. This is the company engineered by Messrs. Lewis, Geer and Huston. They occupy a site furnished by the city, the city retaining the ownership of the grounds for five years and taking possession of both grounds and buildings if the contract with the city is not carried out. The site cost the city \$1,000. The buildings will be erected at once and the prospects of the new company are excellent.

Whether the Newton-Haggerty Ladder company come or not Ypsilanti is going to have a good ladder company.

PEOPLE BELIEVE IN IT.

It has been cynically said that anything can be sold by advertising nowadays. This is not so. Many liniments have been advertised but only one—Perry Davis' Painkiller—has stood the test of sixty years' use. To-day its popularity is greater than ever and is based not upon what anybody says but upon what the remedy does. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

OUR LIFE SAVER

Is a stock of pure Drugs. In our hands, the physician's prescription is carefully carried out and recovery made more possible.

MORFORD & SMITH

City Drug Store

YPSILANTI

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

[Taking effect June 9, 1901]

GOTHIC EAST.

Detroit Express..... 8:15am
Atlantic Express..... 8:35am
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express..... 11:25am
Mail and Express..... 4:05pm
New York and Boston Special..... 5:18pm
Fastmail Express..... 9:35pm

GOING WEST.

Mail and Express..... 8:20am
Chicago Special..... 9:10am
East Western Express..... 1:30pm
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express..... 5:30pm
Chicago Night Express..... 9:20pm
Pacific Express..... 12:15am
Daily. Other trains daily except Sunday.

Dr. James McKee

M. D., University of Mich., Post-Graduate courses, Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat College.

The Scientific Fitting of Glasses.

POSTOFFICE BUILDING, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Residence, 615 Chicago Ave.

DETROIT, YPSILANTI, ANN ARBOR & JACKSON RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.
The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.	
Leave Ypsilanti.	Leave Saline.
6:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
2:45	3:45
4:45	5:45
6:45	7:30
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

The church club is postponed till Friday, Nov. 1.

Read the "New Era" synopsis in another column.

H. R. Lansfield will be at the Occidental Hotel again No. 5.

S. R. Pike of this city has been granted an original pension of \$6.

Friday night will be "ladies" night at the gentlemen's whist club.

Prof. and Mrs. Barbour have returned from their eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilmore were in Detroit Monday to see Joe Jefferson.

Mrs. Charles Glover has left for a visit with relatives in Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Tibbets is spending several days in Detroit, the guest of friends.

Mrs. Follett and daughter, of Chicago, are visiting Mrs. Caroline Sanders.

Miss Ellen Wortley has been spending a few days with friends at Toledo.

Frank Hughes and George Minor of Fowlerville were recent Ypsilanti visitors.

Mrs. Julia Jennings of Fargo, N. Dakota, is the guest of relatives in the city.

Miss Johanna Langin will leave soon for New Mexico on account of poor health.

Mrs. B. M. Damon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. I. Van Tuyl of Chicago.

Miss Una Palmer, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Miss Harriet Lawrence Monday.

Miss Clara Beardsley sang a solo at the Normal chapel exercises yesterday morning.

Miss Edna Coryell left yesterday for Oshkosh, Wis., to spend the winter with friends.

Full sized, ripe strawberries were picked from a garden in the city Sunday, Oct. 20.

St. John's church will give a reception to students at Fr. Kennedy's on Friday night.

Rev. G. Beach, of the Congregational church, is attending the Jackson conference at Salem.

Mrs. M. E. Straight, who has been spending several weeks at Wayne, returned yesterday.

E. M. Simpson, of the post office force, is in Detroit taking the civil service examination.

O. D. Hunt has moved from 1005 Cross street to his new home on the Wallace boulevard.

The new adjustable desks have been ordered for the 7th grade of the Normal training school.

Mrs. W. H. Deubel and Mrs. Lois Leech will attend the wedding of a cousin at Ovid this week.

Mrs. R. N. Andrews, of Bergen, N. Y., will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Hannah Ward.

Mrs. Chas. Pattison, of New York city, is the guest of Mrs. Clarence Coryell, of Summit street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berg, of Dundee, are spending a few days in the city the guests of Aid. J. C. Berg.

John Harwood, a Pittsfield farmer, had a Jersey heifer killed by the Saline electric road Monday evening.

Edward Rice, advance agent for "Puddinhead Wilson," was registered at the Occidental yesterday.

The Light Guards have decorated the armory very artistically with bunting, Spanish war relics and pictures.

Mrs. Emma Spring of Adrian, has returned to the city, that her daughter Jessie may attend the Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brabb, of Romeo, are spending a few days with the Brabb families on Pearl street.

Gen. and Mrs. B. M. Cutcheon, of Grand Rapids, are the guests of the Misses Cutcheon, of Normal street.

Mrs. Ed. Wilkinson, of Detroit, is spending a few days in the city, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Sanders.

The L. H. H. society of Rawsonville will give a New England supper at their hall Friday evening, Nov. 1.

Queen City hive, L. O. T. M., will give an oriental social in their hall in the Gilbert block, Friday evening.

Miss Alice Robson, instructor in German at the Normal, has been called to Chicago by the death of her father.

The Halcyon dancing club will give their first party of the season at Light Guard hall Friday evening, Nov. 8.

J. H. Hopkins, of Hopkins & Davis' store on the east side is unable to attend to his duties on account of illness.

Mrs. Frank Wilbur and daughter, of Grand Rapids, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ellis, of Normal street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Burke and son, of Kansas City, are the guests of their mother, Mrs. Burke, of Normal street.

Karl Young, a graduate of the high school in '97 is taking post graduate work in philosophy at Harvard this year.

Fred Hekerman has completed his course at the college and has accepted a position as bookkeeper in a Milan bank.

Bert Van Riper and family have removed to Onaway, where Mr. Van Riper will work in the new veneering mill.

Miss Mary Davis of Las Vegas Mex., a former Cleary College student, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Walterhouse.

Mrs. L. C. Brabb has returned from a two weeks' visit in Grand Rapids, which included attendance of the Himoid.

Chas. Fear, of Chicago, who has been spending the past two weeks in the city as the guest of N. B. Harding, has returned.

Queen City hive, No. 64, will give an oriental social in K. O. T. M. hall Friday evening at 6 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

The Light Guards will give the second of their proposed series of dances in the armory Tuesday evening, November 5.

Mr. Holmes left today for Cincinnati and other southern points in the interest of the Newton-Haggerty Ladder company.

Miss Robson, the teacher of French and German at the Normal, was called to Chicago Sunday by the death of her father.

The Phoenix Chair company began operations in the Follett block last week in the way of fitting up the building for use.

Dr. Elliott of the mineral bath department of the Occidental, recently shipped a barrel of mineral water to Ravenna, O.

Herbert Peabody has left the Bert Comstock dry goods store to accept a position in a similar establishment at Battle Creek.

Auditor Holland of the Michigan Telephone Co. has been spending several days in the city inspecting the local exchange.

Miss Stobbins, a returned missionary, will address the Normal Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon at Starke-weather hall.

A marriage license has been granted in Wayne county to Merritt L. Deyo, 27, of Ypsilanti, and Amanda Amhrine, 24, of Canton.

Mrs. Sam W. Burroughs and Mrs. Jas. Sweetland, of Detroit, made a dying visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Whitmore Sunday.

The Charlie Arnold farm, just south of the city, consisting of 200 acres, was sold Thursday to Frank T. Newton for the sum of \$12,500.

The Halcyon dancing club has reorganized and is making preparations to give a series of eight dances at Light Guard hall this winter.

William Post, of Detroit, son of Hon. Samuel Post, of this city, is in a very precarious condition from inflammatory rheumatism.

The Arm of Honor fraternity of the Normal will give a reception at the gymnasium Friday evening to sororities and other fraternities.

Miss Clara Gibbs, who has been spending the past few days at her home in Jackson on account of illness, returned to the city Sunday.

The students of the history and civics departments of the Normal have organized a "Current events" class that meets once every two weeks.

Dr. H. I. Post, of Augusta, is down with diphtheria. Dr. Post is the health officer of Augusta, and has many friends throughout the county.

A new steel ceiling is being placed in the Ladies' Library and the room will be newly papered, making it necessary that the rooms be closed temporarily.

The First Baptist church will hold a model rummage sale at the old Loughbridge house next to the marble shop on Washington street Saturday, Oct. 26.

The ladies who gave a rummage sale for the benefit of the colored girls' sewing class, cleared about \$25. They are very grateful to those who so kindly contributed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Saunders, 231 Summit street, will celebrate their 50th anniversary Wednesday, Oct. 30, and would be pleased to have their old friends call after 2 p. m.

A high D. Y., A. A. & J. electric line official says that road will never go back to the hour service between Ann Arbor and Detroit as it did last winter. Half-hourly service pays better.

The ladies of the First Baptist church will hold a model rummage sale in the Loughbridge house next door to the marble works on Washington street, beginning Saturday, Oct. 26.

The Columbian League gave a progressive pedro party at the L. O. T. M. rooms Tuesday evening. Bert Davis won the gentlemen's first prize and Mrs. Hayden the ladies' first prize.

The little red car, which our citizens who patronize the electric road to Detroit have usually seen standing at the Detroit city limits has disappeared. It was put on to fulfill the road's contract with Dearborn for a 15-minute street car service. The road having made some sort of a compromise with Dearborn, have taken off this car.

Mrs. Younglove of Chicago, who attended the Quirk-Trowbridge wedding at Detroit, will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Quirk until Saturday.

Miss Vera Blanchard, who has completed her course at the Cleary college, has accepted a position with the Sebe-waig Milling Co., as stenographer and bookkeeper.

The ejectment suit of Daniel Diebert vs. Henry D. Sanders, which was tried before Circuit Court Commissioner Joslyn yesterday resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff. Sanders will appeal.

The streets and walks committee of the council will report at the next meeting on the petition of Michigan street property owners for a cement curbing from Washington to Adams street.

Geo. W. Smith, the clerk at the Hawkins house, was struck by a D. Y. & A. A. car Tuesday afternoon at 4:45. Although he was thrown violently to the pavement no serious injuries resulted.

Prof. Lyman has returned from a week's stay at Buffalo. While away he spent one day with Prof. and Mrs. McFarlane at Brockport, N. Y. He reports that they are well and happy in their new home.

Mat and Felix Duffy have purchased a "stand-up-jack" for their shoe shop. This is a labor-saving invention that is extensively used in larger cities, but which has never before found its way to Ypsilanti.

Marshall has a white elephant stone crusher on her hands, as has Ann Arbor. It might be well for the Ypsilanti council to communicate with the aldermen of the two cities before making a similar purchase.

The meeting of the Study club of October 30 is postponed till November 13, bringing the next meeting November 6, the reason for this is the meeting of the Federation of Women's clubs at Ann Arbor.

The Woman's Relief corps gave a very enjoyable social at their rooms Friday evening. After a short literary and musical program, supper was served, and as a result they have added \$27 to their treasury.

The strongest football team in the intercollegiate this year is conceded to be M. A. C. The Normal has drawn Albion, Kalamazoo and Hillsdale, so will not be called upon to try conclusions with the farmers.

A party of Normal students large enough to completely occupy two D. Y. & A. A. cars, attended Jefferson's performance at the Detroit opera house Monday evening, and a number of citizens went down Tuesday night.

Fourteen new football suits have been ordered for the Normal football team and the old outfits will be turned over to the scrubs who have been forced to piece out with all the hand-me-downs and make-shifts in the gymnasium.

Miss Hopkins addressed the State Y. W. C. A. conference in Jackson, Monday on the development of the Y. W. C. A. secretary, and Miss Belows made an address on "Membership—What proportion should be on committees." This was Ypsilanti's contribution to the conference.

Manager Gordon of the Michigan Telephone exchange, says that the service will be materially improved in a short time. He would not say how this desirable state of affairs is to be brought about, but insisted that a change will come in the very near future.

The ladies of the first Baptist church will serve a 15-cent supper in the dining room of the church Thursday evening from 5:30 to 7 o'clock. Menu: Cold corned beef, creamed potatoes, brown and white bread, pickles and chow-chow, assorted cakes and doughnuts, cranberries, tea and coffee.

L. M. Olds, secretary of the Ypsilanti Poultry association, is in Buffalo this week attending the poultry exhibit in connection with the Pan-American exposition. Mr. Olds is an enthusiastic worker in the association and will endeavor to get pointers for the poultry show to be given here from Dec. 31, 1901, to Jan. 3, 1902.

Miss Anna Pratt of Galesburg, a member of last year's graduating class of the Normal, has been called to the city to become the teacher of the fifth grade in the central building, and Miss Mina Bordine has been transferred to the third grade and Miss Alma Stump-husen to the fifth ward.

The first number of the Normal News for the present year has made its appearance, and in a brand new white and green cover. The issue is in every way a credit to the editor-in-chief, Miss Anna Stevenson, and the business manager, C. P. Steiple, and is a sufficient sponsor for the success of the News for the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Haire, of Saginaw, were in the city Friday. Mr. Haire was formerly a C. B. C. student and is now chief clerk to the superintendent of the P. & P. M. railroad. Mr. Haire hired John Gamble of the college as a telegraph operator. Mr. Gamble is the first graduate of the telegraph department of the Cleary college.

First Presbyterian church, Washington street corner Emmet, Robert K. V. harton, minister. Morning worship next Sunday at 10:30 with sermon. Evening worship at 7:30, with brief sermon. Young people's meeting, 6:30 in the evening. Sunday school, 12 m. The people's service, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

The Normal Y. M. C. A. have elected the following officers: President, J. E. Van Allsburg; vice-president, A. E. Craig; corresponding secretary, R. C. Smith; recording secretary, John Waldron; treasurer, S. J. Watkins; chairman of bible study committee, W. A. Whitney; chairman of social committee, C. Kniffen; of missionary committee John Hathaway.

Elmer Warner, the mail carrier, and Miss Susan Crittenden were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Crittenden of Ypsilanti township yesterday at high noon, Rev. James Brown officiating. The groom was second lieutenant of Co. G, Thirty-First Michigan, during the Spanish war, and the bride is a graduate of the Ypsilanti high school.

The various grade libraries in the training department at the Normal college will be increased in a short time by the addition of about 200 volumes of standard literature and fiction adapted to the children in the respective grades. It is intended to develop the culture side through the use of standard literature in the future more than has been done in the past.

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth M. Cromie, who died Oct. 16, was held from her late residence at 210 N. Summit street last Saturday, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Cromie was a daughter of James Martin, a farmer of Ypsilanti town, who at the present time is living at his daughter's home. She was born in Scotland and came to this country at an early age. Mrs. Cromie was 50 years old.

Among the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ryan at the recent celebration of their 25th anniversary, was a beautiful silver tea set given by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Camp, Mr. and Mrs. G. Denmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Foerster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joslyn, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Furlong, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson, Mr. George R. Johnson and Rev. Fr. Kennedy.

The school district petitioned council for an order for a cement walk in front of the fifth ward school house on the regular basis of the city's paying one-third the cost, and the property owner the balance, but the contention was raised that schools and churches are denied this privilege by the charter, so the matter was referred to the streets and walks committee to report at the next meeting.

On account of the Normal football season opening later than at any of the other Michigan colleges, Manager Scovill of the team has been able to book only one game each with Kalamazoo and Hillsdale, which with Albion are the colleges of the intercollegiate league, that the Normal is to meet this year. This will not of necessity interfere with the Normals making a good record in the intercollegiate, as each of the single games will count as two to the team which wins.

The Skill of the Cook

Is demonstrated to the family through the medium of the food she serves. Those cooks show the greatest skill in making delicious and wholesome hot-breads, cake and biscuit who use the Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Chas. D. Sharrow, of Grand Rapids, general manager of the New Era association, and A. E. Seibert, district manager, are in the city for the purpose of organizing a branch here. It is a fraternal insurance order, which also makes a study of social economy for the purpose of making its principles a vital force in an ideal American government.

The Normal football team will play the All-Freshmen of the U. of M. on the athletic grounds Saturday. The All-Freshmen came out victorious by 20 to 9 over the Normal at Ann Arbor two weeks ago, but the Ann Arborites have in the meantime been losing form and the Normals steadily and rapidly improving, so the outcome Saturday should be far different.

Lovers of fine music can enjoy a rare treat when the famous "Cornell Premier Band (14 pieces) and Orchestra (9 pieces)" get out upon our streets next Monday, Oct. 28, about noon-time. They accompany the "Cornell Big Twentieth Century Humpty Dumpty Co.," the gorgeous pantomime attraction which will hold the boards of the Ypsilanti Opera House on the evening of the above day. Don't forget. They have 35 entertainers headed by the greatest of all pantomime clowns, Mr. Eddie McDonald. They have a carload of new and beautiful scenery. Every feature strictly up-to-date and calculated to please a refined and intelligent audience.

The Normal students were addressed yesterday morning at the weekly chapel exercises by President, Beever of the Cortland, S. D., Normal. The speaker said that although education in the west cannot lay claim to the years that it has back of it in the east, and although the schools in general are not as large as they are here, yet that the requirements for scholarship and professional ability for teachers are exactly as rigid as in the east. The graduating class is never more than 30 at the Cortland Normal, but, said President Beever, what is lacking in quantity is made up in the quality of the training that has been gained by the graduates.

Football stock at the Normal has taken a strong rise since the result of the game at Pontiac Saturday has become known. The men played fine ball, being very rapid and doing excellent team work, and they set a pace that should bring them well up in the intercollegiate before the season is over. The score, 6 to 5 in favor of the Normal, does not tell the story, as the Normalites outclassed their opponents at every point in the game.

The Webster debating club of the Normal have elected the following officers: President, R. C. Smith; vice-president, R. A. Smith; secretary, J. H. Waldron; treasurer, J. E. Van Allsburg; member of athletic board, J. A. Craig; editor, F. B. Smith.

The Hunting Season

IS NOW HERE, AND WE WANT TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR SUPPLY

Men's Rubber Boots

Sportsman and Fisherman, hip boots and medium height, wool or friction lined.

We have the durable Duck Boots, every pair warranted, you can't puncture them, lined or unlined.

We have Rubber Boots for Firemen, heavy weight.

We have Pebble Leg Boots.

We have Lumbermen's Boots, of all styles.

We have all styles of Rubber Footwear for wool boots and socks.

We have boots for the Farm and, oh, well—to make a long story short—we have Rubber Boots for everybody.

We have them as Low as in price as \$2.00 and as High as \$4.00 and many prices between.

This is the store every time when you are Rubber Boot Hunting, as we have a larger assortment of Rubber Goods of all kinds than all the other stores in Ypsilanti combined and at prices lower than any other. We have just received a carload lot of Fine Rubber Footwear.

Our Motto is:
"WE POSITIVELY WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD"
Come and see us.

King's Chicago Shoe Store,
107-109 Congress St., Ypsilanti, 'Phone 352

BRANCH STORE:
KING'S CHICAGO SHOE STORE,
124 South Main Street, Ann Arbor.

★ GREAT ★

Anniversary Sale

Our Anniversary Sale is proving a decided success. Customers are buying very liberally.

"Right Goods at Right Prices"

is the explanation of the success of this sale. The public know that they are sure of finding our goods as advertised.

NO Exaggeration
Misrepresenting

Remember our Anniversary Sale with Special Low Prices continues until SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 2.

EVERY CUSTOMER gets the benefit of the SALE PRICES. See our south window for the handsome articles to be presented to the customers making the largest purchases during this sale.

BEALL, COMSTOCK & CO.

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

A WAR OF HARD HITS

BOER LESSONS TO THE BRITISH ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

English Pride Got Many a Fall—The Display Soldier Evil—Boer Bullets Made the Officers Put Off Their Gilded Trappings.

(Copyright, 1901, by G. L. Kilmer.)



ENGLAND may profit more by the lessons of the South African war than any other nation could in the same situation because she is in the business of man hunting in the wilderness. Her dominions, upon which the sun never sets, include races which have

given her no end of trouble in the past, and their capacities are by no means exhausted. More than all else the British have learned how not to do things in war.

Perhaps the greatest lesson for the British war office will be drawn from the failure to end the war at the time of the march from Bloemfontein northward. Halting in the Orange Free State to gather strength, Lord Roberts drew the Boers to his front. He faced northward and Buller's army in Natal above Ladysmith faced westward, with the Boers confined in an angle. A fight of the kind that an army of 100,000 men ought to be able to put up against 20,000 should have broken the Boer resistance and left little to do except gather in fragments. But Roberts was too confident, too anxious that the soldiers eat their delayed Christmas dinner in Pretoria. With his army strung out over a line 200 miles in length he marched on steadily and in good order, but whipped no Boers.

In the American civil war it was demonstrated that hostile armies and not hostile positions are the important things. An army with fighting stuff in its ranks can take up position after position, prolonging a war indefinitely. But when an army is once destroyed its destroyers are foot loose to tackle and destroy another army. Hood's army was destroyed at Franklin and Nashville in 1864, and the result would have been the same had the blow fallen in a wilderness. The capture of Atlanta by Sherman didn't dispose of Hood's army, nor the fall of Petersburg and Richmond put an end to Lee. Had Grant marched from Petersburg to Danville, saying, "I'll attend to Lee when I get there," he would have done just what Lord Roberts did after the Boers evacuated Bloemfontein. If Roberts could thrash the burghers at Pretoria, why not thrash them on the way to the Vaal, or at least corner them with his odds of five to one?

Without a doubt the English officers and soldiers went into the South African war puffed up with a conceit that would have been silly in an army of amateurs. They despised the Boers as fighting men, and in the end are imitating Boer methods. It was the intention to smash the burghers before they could get ready to fight. The original plan of taking them by surprise fell through. Kruger was too smart for Chamberlain. But because it was the British way to override everybody, John Bull must flounder ahead and run into ambush and slaughter. The Boers held as decided opinions about who should rule South Africa as the British themselves.

The Boers couldn't fight—oh, no! So the Briton rushed along on the open veldt, and the Boer from bush and kopje shot him down like game. He wouldn't carry a spade, nor dig a trench, nor pile up earth to shield his devoted head from a miserable Dutchman. Finally, when the individual soldier saw the tactics of the Boers on their rocky kopjes, he would throw together a pile of loose stones and duck his head behind it. These stone heaps were splendid markers and good targets for the Boers. A shell would scatter the fragments, and make every piece a missile to hurt some Briton.

The Boers entrenched whenever there were no rocks or kopjes to cover their heads. Perhaps they couldn't fight a theatrical battle, those plain, simple herdsmen of the bush, but they could take to cover and make the other fellows fight a losing game. In a military way that is the best of fighting. The British have studied prize ring rules too much for men who wish to conquer savage valor. War cannot be subject to rules when it is a raid of the strong upon the weak.

Not only did the English troops despise cover in the face of the enemy, but did their best to make a show of themselves for the Boers to shoot at. Perhaps they meant to overawe the enemy. The effort was not a success. When attacking a kopje or Boer battery, the British didn't go in by rushes, but in deep columns, marching erect. In fact, every charge was a repetition of Balaklava. It was magnificent, but it was not war. London and the sporting youth the world over thought it was sublime, that stolid British way of getting "killed most beautifully."

The Boer will ride like the wind to his kopje or river bed, then dismount, hide his pony and fight, but the mounted Briton rode like the six hundred in the mouth of hell, sitting erect, and if ordered to halt under fire would still sit erect, a good target for the Boer Mauser. For more than 25 years the trained cavalryman of America has known how to make a breastwork of his horse when caught in the open under fire. It is a mistake to call the Briton's bearing under fire true cour-

age. He is a machine and does as he is told.

Defects of the British army system that have been pointed out by specialists have come in for a sad showing up at the front. The officer is only a play soldier. Fighting with him is not a life career, but a boom for his social prospects. A social bankrupt or a jilted lover buys a commission to go off and hide himself in a grave far too good for him. The British colonel doesn't know his captains, and the captains do not know their men. The men learn nothing from the officers, for the classes are far apart.

In artillery fighting the men do the work. All depends upon the man behind the gun, and he is a man, not a popinjay from some fashionable square. The British guns in South Africa have been well served, and the naval guns, the pride of the jacksies, have done the best of all. The ranks do the fighting in war and need intelligent and well timed direction as to when the blows shall be struck. A man seeking to be glorified—usually he is a wearer of shoulder straps—is more than a nuisance in the field; he is little better than a traitor, for he plays the enemy's game to perfection, killing his own people without the slightest chance of gain for the cause.

Colonial troops made splendid records in South Africa. They were independent, hardy and resourceful, led by officers of their own type. In saddle they were more nearly a match for the Boers than the best trained English cavalry. In the long run the colonial soldier would have proved the best fighting card England has. The western habit of independence, every man looking out for himself and able to boss himself in an emergency, is a good outfit for a man who has to fight rough and tumble. Fighting in masses is out of the question in a struggle like that in Cuba and in South Africa.

The line officer is the most important personage in modern fighting. A crisis is decided by rushes and the rushing party not greater than a company. It is the same in cavalry and infantry. In a rush the officer must lead and not command simply. Hence the best officer is a man who has been one of the rushers and knows what is wanted. The British do not promote from the ranks, and the army is weak in good line officers who can fight.

In the matter of officers the question settled itself in a practical way in South Africa. The young blood who went out to be glorified flouted his epaulets, his bespangled coat and shining sword. The Boer marksmen had merry fun with these birds, and a series of "regrets to state" were followed by the enumeration of titled victims who had been glorified with a vengeance, and still the flag had not got on toward Pretoria. Then away went the sword, off came the shoulder straps; a rifle and a suit of common khaki make an officer in action look like one of the men. Being brought to the level of his men in looks the officer will in the end learn from the men how to make men fight. This will be a blessing for the army, although there will be fewer gazettings for "deeds of daring do" and Belgravia and Soho square short in army lions. In brief Great Britain is at last finding out what it means to fight intelligent foes who regard their lives dearly. The Zulus, the Afriids and the natives



IN ACTION AN OFFICER LOOKS LIKE HIS MEN.

of India may not take the trouble to kill the British scientifically in revenge for their wrongs. Life is cheap for them. But the white man is not that kind of a customer. British ingenuity has been put to a severe test, and that, too, by a handful of amateurs who never saw a book of tactics nor a drill ground.

How to fight great battles is a matter for speculative study. Success depends upon the capacity of a general for original ideas. In this case originality wins the game. But as to plain fighting common sense governs, and common sense is to be had for the taking of it. No one would expect to excavate a tunnel with shovels recruited from among superiors on the mimic stage. Neither can battles be won by soldiers who are mere players at war, who are out for display and not for stern business.

Incidentally military men the world over have seen in South Africa that a few determined men with long range repeating rifles may hold up a whole division of troops for hours, that in a battle the supporting column must stand off over 2,000 yards or be slaughtered while waiting to join action and that the front line is liable to be defeated before its supports can march to the relief. Reconnoitering in South Africa has been most difficult and hazardous, but the neglect of it has cost the British fearful disasters. A modern army has so many tricks up the sleeve that reconnoitering is absolutely necessary to success no matter how heavy the dose of blood exacted of scouting battalions.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The United States, according to The Churchman, has 107 social settlements. The rest of the world has 55.

A DAY WITH BOWSER

HE SPENDS ONE AT HOME AND CAUSES ASTONISHMENT.

Mrs. Bowser Imagined That He Would Make a Wreck of the House and Have Any Number of Rows, but It Was His Quiet Day.

(Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.)

When Mr. Bowser made the announcement at breakfast the other morning that he was going to take a day off and loaf around home, Mrs. Bowser felt an icy chill sweep over her. She realized that unless he was sick and strapped to the mattress he'd be overhauling the gas meter, the water pipes or the electric bells, and even if he neglected them he'd want to rehang the screen doors, give a new twist to the front steps or compound an elixir of life in the kitchen.

"Don't you feel well?" she finally inquired in reply to his announcement.

"Never better," he answered, "but as there's nothing doing at the office I



MR. BOWSER DIDN'T EVEN LOOK UP.

might as well hang around home and make a quiet day of it."

"You might go fishing or sailing," she suggested, with a faint hope in her heart.

"Yes, but I shan't. As I said, I shall make a quiet day of it."

The first thing on his programme after breakfast was to take a seat on the front steps with the morning paper and a cigar, and not five minutes had passed before a fruit peddler turned into the street and stopped in front of the house and began to yell at the top of his voice. She knew that one yell would irritate Mr. Bowser, two make him mad and the third get him in condition for a row, and as the yells followed each other her heart pounded her ribs. Two, three, five minutes passed, and Mr. Bowser didn't even look up. His indifference angered the peddler, and he let go three or four warwhoops to produce a "jar," but they fell upon deaf ears. He yelled a lung out and moved on, and the cat came out and sat down beside Mr. Bowser and wondered if he was going to drop dead within the next half hour.

The next thing to come along was the horseradish woman. She was an old woman with a voice full of shingle nails and pounded glass, and on several occasions Mr. Bowser had expressed a desire to wring her neck. This morning her voice was a squeak and a shriek, and Mrs. Bowser paused in her work to catch her breath. Six times did the old woman yell before reaching



MR. BOWSER AND THE CAT WERE IN THE LAND OF NOD.

the gate, and at each yell the cat humped her back and sharpened her claws on the stone doorkill. Pausing at the gate, she uttered three more yells and ended with a sort of rhapsody on:

"Oh—oh—oh—horse—radish—radish—radish—horse—horse! Only 10 cents for my horse—radish—radish—horse—horse!"

Mr. Bowser looked up in a careless way, and then, taking a dime from his pocket, he tossed it down to her and motioned her to hand the bottle to the cook at the basement door. The thought that the hot weather might have affected his brain flashed across Mrs. Bowser, while the cat took a walk through the hall and wondered if the house of Bowser was doomed. The old woman was only well out of the way when a man with a satchel came along. He was a persuasive man with a persuasive smile, and as he turned in at the gate there was a sort of balm in his voice as he announced:

"I am selling powders for the manufacture of root beer for family use. They are strictly vegetable, recommended by all doctors, and no drink on earth can compare with it. My regular price is 25 cents a package, but in order to introduce the powders into this neighborhood I will make you a reduction. Here is a package for 13

cents, and full directions accompany it."

Mrs. Bowser expected Mr. Bowser to buy four packages and rush for the basement to make a barrel of the elixir, but she was way off. He simply remarked that he was trying iced milk for the summer and did not care to mix it with anything else, and, although the man hung on for ten minutes longer, there wasn't the shadow of a row. He was followed by a man who had what he called a pocket burglar alarm. It was warranted to sound an alarm before a burglar had got within ten rods of the house and to raise such a racket that the police, fire department and several ambulances would be called out simultaneously, but Mr. Bowser exhibited no interest. On other occasions he would have snapped up that \$25 burglar alarm as a hen reaches out for a potato bug, but this was his quiet day. He wished the man well, but he refused to invest. At this the cat gave the thing up in disgust and retreated to the cool, dark cavern under the family lounge, and Mrs. Bowser called her liege lord in and solicitously asked:

"Mr. Bowser, do you feel any aches or pains anywhere?"

"Not a blessed one," he replied.

"Does your heart beat regularly?"

"Like clockwork."

"Any feeling as if you had a weight on top your head?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask these silly questions?"

"I didn't know but that the heat might have affected you."

"Not much. I'm as cool as a cucumber on ice."

After luncheon Mr. Bowser took a stroll through the house, but he neither suggested repainting, repapering nor a change of carpets. He might have said that the cellar needed a new coat of whitewash, but he didn't. There was one screen door which sagged a little, but he didn't get out his tools to fix it. One of the water faucets needed a new washer, but he let it alone. As he went back to the front steps a sewing machine agent came along and buzzing him, a patent stone man tried to talk him into a new sidewalk, and a man came along and offered him a \$30 cow for \$16, but he quietly refused to invest or hold any protracted argument. The gas bill came in, and he paid it without a word, and two tramps came along and got a dime apiece out of him without going into particulars as to how a cloudburst had wiped their families off the face of the earth. Mrs. Bowser simply walked around on her tiptoes and carried a pale face, and a dozen times during the day she almost decided to send for the doctor and have him examine Mr. Bowser's head. It was after dinner, however, that the greatest surprise came. Mr. Bowser and the cat again occupied the steps as the sun went down, and in quick succession along came two extra icemen, a banana peddler, a boy with a pup, two women canvassing for a hospital and a farmer with twelve hens to sell. Mr. Bowser turned them all down, but kindly, and they were followed by a hand organ, a street band, a detachment of the Salvation Army and a lone man with a fiddle. The fiddler was moving off after getting a nickel and playing "Old Black Joe" as he went when the inventor of a three wheeled wagon, who had been looking for Mr. Bowser all day, arrived. He had been told that Mr. Bowser was a good thing, but that Mr. Bowser was a better. He had a model with him, and he sat down and exhibited it and talked of mechanics and profits and wagon trusts

POOL ROOM HAS GONE TO DETROIT

The Lewis poolroom that was opened in the Schade block with a flourish last week, has been closed as the backers did not find business rushing enough to warrant their keeping the establishment in operation.

Last winter the poolrooms betted the proprietors a handsome profit, but this winter the Detroit police have relaxed their former vigilance with the result that the Detroit sports do not need to leave the city to find a place to buy pools, consequently they do not patronize Ypsilanti.

A poolroom was opened in Detroit Monday and another Tuesday, and Lewis saw his finish, so quietly closed his doors and hung out the "to rent" sign.

The Detroit pool men were wrangling last winter among themselves and with the James brothers of Canada, who had invaded their territory, with the result that the police were practically forced to keep them down, but this season all is harmony and understanding, so poolrooms are being quietly conducted under the very noses of the Detroit police.

If the Detroit places are closed for any reason or other the Lewis institution may hob up serenely again, but for the present it is a dead corpse.

STEPPED INTO LIVE COALS.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads of Jonesville, Va., which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Backlen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Morford & Smith, 25c.

Ath-lo-pho-ros

CURES INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

All Druggists. Send for Our Pamphlet. THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., New Haven, Conn.

The main symptoms of Inflammatory Rheumatism are pain, tenderness, redness and swelling of the affected points. Fever, headache, chilliness, thirst and profuse perspiration are often present.

Ath-lo-pho-ros cures by thrusting out the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Its cures are reasonably quick, certain and always permanent.

MILAN, Mo., April 7, 1900.

Three weeks ago I was stricken with Inflammatory Rheumatism and was absolutely helpless. Three bottles of Ath-lo-pho-ros have enabled me to sit up and I think have saved my life.

MRS. EMMA JACOBS.

A Good Way.

Representative Nue—What do you consider the most convenient and economical way to travel?

Senator Pulem—On a pass.—Boston Herald.

Commendation.

We greet the man who finds no fault, With praise, and all the rest of it, But the kisser whom we never exalt Still, somehow, gets the best of it. —Washington Star.

Very Clever, Indeed.

Patience—She is very clever with the pencil.

Patrice—Yes; her eyebrows are all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Sentinel-Commercial is the best weekly paper published in the county.

We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, caused by not taking Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co. 35c. Ask your druggist. Morford & Smith.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed -
Licorice -
Rhubarb -
Aloe -
Sassafras -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Oil of Peppermint -
Warm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Whitening Powder.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Pitcher.
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of

Chas. H. Pitcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BLOOD DISEASED MEN

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching pains, itching of the skin, sores or blotches on the body eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been cured by our New Method Treatment for over 20 years. No names used without written consent.

Mr. E. A. C. writes: "Your remedies have done me more good than Hot Springs and all the doctors and medicines I had previously tried. I have not felt any of those pains or seen any ulcers or blotches for over seven years and the outward symptoms of the loathsome disease have entirely disappeared. My hair has grown in fully again and I am married and happy."

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Our Wurzburger is the Best

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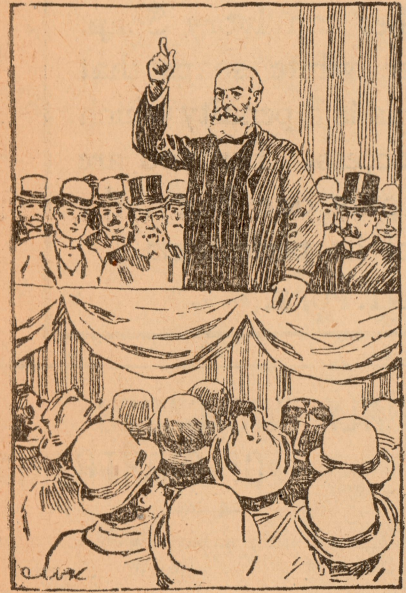
A Candidate

By JAMES
RAYMOND
PERRY



SELDOM or never had political feelings in a presidential campaign run so high. Principles, policies, and personalities were all sources of prejudice and hatred. The candidates of the two principal parties were as unlike as it is possible to imagine, and the principles and policies of the two party platforms were as opposite as the mind could conceive.

As the campaign progressed with ever intensifying feeling, charges and



GREETED WITH CRIES OF "HELLO, OLD BOGUS!"

countercharges were made—some well founded, no doubt, and others utterly ridiculous. Persons acquainted with the two candidates knew these stories and similar ones to be utterly false, but the fact that such stories originated and gained currency illustrates how high public feeling ran and into what depths of credulity its prejudices allowed it to be carried.

One of the most ridiculous and at the same time one of the most persistent rumors in circulation was that which averred with all solemnity that one of the candidates, who was stumping the country from Maine to California—in this most unusual of campaigns all states were doubtful, and all alike needed the presence of the party nominees—was not the candidate at all, but a man of much greater intellectual and oratorical ability who bore a strong physical resemblance to the actual candidate.

The reports concerning this mysterious substitute of the real candidate were somewhat conflicting. According to the more conservative versions of this improbable story, the substitute assumed the part of his principal only upon occasions when the genuine candidate was too much exhausted to himself address the expectant crowds as he passed from one railway station to another in his speechmaking campaign. This theory was given some color by the extraordinary number of speeches which the candidate succeeded in crowding into a working day of 12 or 15 hours. There was no stopping place so small but that he would find time and words to make at least a little speech, and to such as gave no credence to the theory of conditional substitution it was a constant marvel that the man's voice and strength didn't give out. Thus there were many persons willing to believe the candidate had a physical duplicate to spell him in his speechmaking who would not go so far as to believe, as another version of the story had it, that it was the substitute who was making all the speeches and that it had all been arranged before the nomination of the candidate. This version stated in terms as explicit as was compatible with an avoidance of libel suits that the man put in nomination by the convention was so inferior intellectually that he was totally incompetent to make the brilliant speeches which the party's salaried substitute was going about making. This version of the fairy tale would have it that the genuine candidate had gone into the most secret and secluded retirement immediately after the convention had nominated him and that he would not issue therefrom until after the election should have carried him up to a triumphant victory or down to an inglorious defeat.

In the heat of political campaigns the most improbable tales will find credence, and there were found among the duller class of intellects many men who actually believed the real party candidate had never been seen at a political rally and had never made a speech since the beginning of the campaign. This belief no doubt accounts for the interruptions that occurred now and then near the close of the campaign when the candidate would be greeted with cries of "Hello, old Bogus!" and similar remarks. But while no person of education and intelligence for a moment supposed that the real candidate was not daily appearing before thousands and making speeches there were many who believed it not impossible nor even improbable that he had with him a substitute bearing a personal likeness to himself, whom he suffered to make short speeches at some of the minor and unimportant places at which the train stopped.

It may be as well to state here how

the story of the double started, according to the explanation given by the candidate and his managers, an explanation, by the way, that was accepted with reluctance or not at all by many of the opposing party. Then, too, as is always the case when sensational stories gain currency, there were many who heard the story who never heard the explanation of its origin.

According to the explanation, one day when the train was passing through a city of considerable size a gentleman came aboard who bore a rather striking resemblance to the candidate so far as features went, but who was a much smaller man and one who could not possibly be palmed off upon the public for any length of time as the real candidate. This gentleman and the presidential aspirant were presented to each other, and the stranger remained talking with his distinguished companion until the train had carried them out into the rural districts, and as the train was slowing up at an unimportant little station the stranger laughingly suggested that he should take the candidate's place on the rear platform.

The candidate good humoredly acquiesced to the proposal, and the stranger actually showed himself upon the rear platform to the little group waiting at the station, while the real candidate remained within the car unseen. Contrary to the terms of the proposal and its acceptance, the stranger even made a little speech, the temptation to do so apparently being too great for him to resist. The speech was merely a brief restatement of some things the candidate had already uttered in one of his printed speeches and so would have done no harm even if it had been reported for the press and again printed, which was not done, as the place where it was delivered was regarded as too unimportant to make appropriate its publication.

And that was all there was to the story, according to the candidate and the party managers. The stranger soon after left the train, and he and the candidate had never seen each other since.

This was all very well as an explanation, said the candidate's opponents, but if true, how was it that the candidate was able to make such an impossible number of speeches? And, furthermore, how was it that on one occasion, due to somebody's blunder, the candidate and his substitute both happened to be making speeches at the same hour in two towns a few miles apart? To the first question the answer was made that the great intellectual and physical strength of the candidate made so many speeches possible. And to the second question the response was that the assumption upon which it rested was absolutely baseless—a fabrication pure and simple.

And so things went on, with ever increasing bitterness upon both sides, toward the end of this most momentous of all presidential campaigns. To such extent was feeling aroused and to such length of bitterness did it go that, as the end approached, the more extreme partisans were ready to resort to almost any means to defeat their opponents. There were rumors of plots to assassinate one or the other or both of the leading candidates, rumors which, when traced to their sources, it is pleasant to be able to record, were found to be wholly without foundation in truth. But the rumors served to excite and inflame still further the animosities of persons whose hatred had already reached fever heat.

It was at this critical stage of the campaign that certain botheaded parti-



THE STRANGER SHOWED HIMSELF UPON THE PLATFORM.

ans hatched a plot to kidnap the candidate who was rumored to have a double. They would kidnap him about a week before the day of election, thus compelling his paid substitute in the interval to appear at all public functions and make all speeches for which the true candidate had made engagements. After election, should he prove to have received a majority of the electoral votes, the candidate was to be held a prisoner until after the succeeding 4th of March, which would compel the successful party to either inaugurate a spurious president or admit that the man elected was not to be found and therefore could not be inaugurated. Or, should developments after the election make it seem wiser to restore the elected candidate to his party before March 4, a heavy ransom could be de-

manded, which would repay the conspirators for the risk they would run in kidnaping him.

The election would occur on Tuesday. On the evening of the preceding Thursday a final great political rally was to be held in a large hall of one of the chief cities. This rally would practically end the campaign, such meetings as were to be held afterward being of lesser importance. The candidate credited with having a double was to address this great political meeting. There was to be a torchlight procession first, and in order that as many persons as possible might catch a glimpse of the great man it was arranged that he should ride from his hotel to the hall in an open carriage at the head of the parade.

The conspirators of the opposing party, knowing of this plan, decided that the best time to kidnap the candidate would be just before the hour set for the meeting. It was hoped by them that the salaried substitute would be unprepared for taking the place of his principal before this great gathering and would in his embarrassment and unpreparedness leave a bad impression on the voters. The plotters therefore decided to permit the candidate to pass from the hotel to the hall as arranged and seize him just as he was entering the hall by a private entrance. Two dozen picked policemen were to be on guard near the entrance, each of whom was to be a sympathizer with the conspirators and secretly act in conjunction with them. Plans were carefully perfected, and it seemed reasonably certain that the abduction could be successfully accomplished. With a substitute available the managers would certainly have the mass meeting proceed with an address by the spurious candidate rather than endanger the chances of the real candidate's election by making public the fact that he had been captured and carried away and that it was not known where he was or when his person could be recovered.

But on the very morning of the day when the abduction was to occur and when all the plans for its execution had been arranged the startling news came to the conspirators that the secret had leaked out and that the candidate and his managers would be prepared for the kidnaping. A traitor to the enemy straight from that enemy's camp



A BAND OF HORSEMEN BARRED THE ROAD.

brought the conspirators the news. He also divulged the plans the enemy had prepared for outwitting the conspirators. It was to be a case of fooling the fooled. From this time on the salaried substitute could well be spared, and the plan of the enemy, as revealed by the traitor, was to have the spurious candidate ride from the hotel to the hall in the open carriage at the head of the parade, while the genuine candidate should proceed to the hall in a closed carriage and enter the building through another entrance. The conspirators should be suffered to carry out their plans, only instead of the real candidate it would be the substitute whom they would capture and carry away.

This news brought consternation to the conspirators at first, but after the first moments of discomfiture and bewilderment the leader exclaimed: "Why, all the better then! We will let them see that we can change our plans as quickly as they can theirs. We will let them continue to think we are to do as already planned, but in reality we will let this substitute of theirs enter the hall, and we will capture the candidate in the closed carriage. The results will be the same as first planned."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the other conspirators and proceeded to rearrange their plans accordingly. That evening, with limelights bringing his features into strong relief, there rode in an open carriage at the head of a procession through double rows of cheering and shouting spectators a smiling and hatless man who strongly resembled the presidential candidate. He bowed and bowed, and few besides those in the secret dreamed that he was other than what he seemed.

At the same hour a closed carriage was driven rapidly from an alley in the rear of the candidate's hotel and rolled swiftly away through the more deserted streets toward the hall where the meeting was to be held. When about half the distance had been covered, a band of horsemen suddenly dashed from a cross street and barred the road in front of the carriage. One of the horsemen quickly mounted the seat with the driver, and the others lining up on either side of the vehicle, the carriage and the little cavalcade surrounded it sped swiftly away toward the environs of the city.

The occupant had made no outcry. An hour or so later, when the great hall was echoing and re-echoing to the ringing tones of the presidential candidate and to the respondent cheers of his audience, a little band of swearing conspirators were disgustedly kicking about an effigy of straw that their leader had just pulled unceremoniously from a closed carriage.

COLUMBIA'S PRESIDENT.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler Takes
Seth Low's Place.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who becomes acting president of Columbia university through the retirement of Seth Low, was born in Elizabeth, N. J., in 1862 and graduated in 1882 from Columbia college, from which he received his degree of Ph. D. in 1884. He also studied at Berlin and Paris and in 1888 received the degree of LL. D. from Syracuse university. His first appointment at Columbia was in 1885 as assistant in philosophy, and he has occupied the chair of philosophy and education since 1890. He was president of New York College For the Training of Teachers, now Teachers' college, from 1887-91. He served as president of the New Jersey state board of education from 1888-90 and as special commissioner from New Jersey to the Paris exposition in 1889. He was president of the National Education association in 1895 and is now a life director and one of the most active members of that organization. He is also a trustee of the Washington Me-



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

morial institution. Upon the recommendation of President Low he was appointed director of the summer session of Columbia university and organized and directed that branch of the university's work in 1900 and 1901.

Upon the establishment of the college entrance examination board by the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland Dr. Butler was appointed secretary of the board and as such had the entire direction and management of the joint examinations which were conducted in June last at sixty-nine cities in this country and Europe, nearly 1,000 applicants being examined.

Dr. Butler is known throughout the country as the editor of The Educational Review and of the Great Educational Series and of the Teachers' Professional Library and by numerous addresses and papers on educational subjects. He was selected by the bureau of education at Washington as editor of the monographs on education in the United States, submitted as part of the educational exhibit at the Paris exposition in 1900, and he received special recognition as of distinguished merit in the form of a gold medal, a similar medal being also awarded to his publication, The Educational Review.

JOINT SMASHERS LIABLE.

Kansas Supreme Court Holds They
Are Trespassers.

The Kansas supreme court has affirmed the judgment of the district court of Shawnee county in the case of the state against Balfie Stark. Stark was one of Carrie Nation's assistants in joint smashing, says a Topeka dispatch. In one of their raids they destroyed property, which led to arrests. Stark was fined \$25 and costs. The whole amounted to about \$100. He appealed to the supreme court, claiming, among other things, that a saloon, being under the ban of the law, might be destroyed by any citizen without violation of the law. In its syllabus the court says:

"Places where intoxicating liquors are sold or kept for sale or places where persons are permitted to resort for the purpose of drinking the same are declared by statute to be common nuisances. This fact, however, does not justify their abatement by any person or persons without process of law. They can be abated only by a prosecution instituted in behalf of the public by the proper officers. The destruction or injury to the property used in aid of the maintenance of such nuisances, except in the manner provided by the statute, is a trespass."

"The Love of Comrades."

Here in the valley where the river bends
I see the great oaks standing like close friends
Holding their frequent whispers in the high,
Still privacies of sky.
I see the comrade bees of August pass
About their merry business with the grass.
I see old cart worn horses by the creek,
Neck over neck, as though their hearts would speak—
As though it helped them bear unto the end
The unjust lash to know they have a friend.
Down the hill road I see three workmen walk,
Hand held in hardened hand, in friendly talk.
A light is on each face,
Light from the Secret Place;
For love has bound them fast,
Comrades to the last,
And as they go my heart takes sudden cheer,
Knowing that in their nearness God is near!

Alas, how much sweet life is lost!
How much is black and bitter with the frost
That might be sweet with the sweet sun
If men could only know that they are one!
But it will rise, love's hero world, at last,
The joy world wreathed with freedom and heart
fast.
The world love sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw.

It comes! The high brotherhood of men,
The new earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The comrade dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the anarchy of the pit depart,
The greeds, the fears, the hates,
The carnal wild haired fates,
That sander, bruise and mar
The brothers on this star.

O world, rejoice with me
For the joy that is to be,
When far as the bright arch of heaven extends
The world of men shall be a world of friends!
—Edwin Markham in Comrade For October.

Within An Ace of Death

Awful Ex-
perience
Of John
Sulman
In a
Siberian
Mine

The eye rests upon a scene of wondrous beauty—a mining camp in the great mountains of eastern Siberia. In the north, the south, the east and the west the gaunt mountains rear their snow crested heights until they seem to pierce the blue sky above. Down in the depths of the valley, amid the crags and the rocks of a roaring cascade, delve and work the busy gold miners.

The thump and roar of heavy machinery deafen the ear; the surge and rush of the great columns of water



THE WATER MAIN BURST.

from the hydraulic pipes are succeeded now and again by the grinding crash of huge bowlders and tons of earth, which, giving way to the insidious action of the water, fall pellmell into the valley.

The sun is waning, and soon darkness will mean a cessation of labor. A huge block of earth, thousands of tons in weight, is being operated upon. The workmen labor as if for their lives, for to detach this monster piece of earth from the mountain side means the culmination of many days' anxious work. The pressure on the hydraulic pipes is enormous; the great tube, or tunnel, 25 feet in diameter, is discharging every second hundreds of tons of water. The gauge is rising gradually, indicating an enormous pressure, when suddenly there is an ear splitting crash, a column of water spouts high in the air, and hoarse cries of dismay and terror echo on every hand.

The water main has burst! Frantic men rush hither and thither. Ruin, destruction, perhaps death, stare them in the face.

How can the water be arrested? Only by closing the sluices at the bottom of the reservoir. A huge bricked tube, like a sewer, leads down to the machinery that controls the sluices. The descent to the bottom is gradual, and at the bottom itself a perpendicular shaft leads up to the top of the reservoir.

Who will go along and operate the machinery?

The chief mining engineer steps forward. He is John Sulman, an Englishman who has spent many years of his life in quest of the golden metal in Siberia. He seizes a lantern and a rope and prepares to do his duty. The safety of the mine, the lives of his fellow workmen, rest in the balance.

He makes his way to the slanting shaft. It is six feet or more in diameter and descends for nearly a quarter of a mile. His lantern is lighted. Heartfelt wishes for his success pour upon him from all sides, and he commences his task.

Down the steep and slimy passage he cautiously creeps. Everything is dark, noisome and foul. He slips and stumbles along, hoping against hope that the water, which has already burst the pipes, will not overflow into the shaft.

He reaches the bottom and rests his lantern on a ledge. Before him he sees the windlass of the great sluice. Like a Trojan he labors at his task. The sweat pours from him in streams, and his breath comes in gasps. The work is heavy, but he falters not, and a sigh of gratification escapes him when the windlass will turn no more and he realizes that the sluices are closed and the encroaching waters dammed back.

With a cheerful heart he picks up his lantern and prepares to retrace his footsteps when suddenly his face blanches and his legs tremble beneath him even as the splash of water sounds in his ears.

What has happened? He raises his lantern and gazes around. Water is falling from the sides of the perpendicular shaft. The reservoir itself has burst, and, although the distributing pipes are closed, the water will force its way through the shaft and all his efforts will be in vain.

He must hurry to the entrance, close the gates and so keep the water back. He hurries up the incline at his top most pace. Assistance must be secured to barricade the gates, for, strong as they might be, the water may prove the stronger.

He reaches the exit of the shaft. The gates are there, but— They are closed! He staggers back in his horror. Well he realizes what has happened. The workmen, while he has been laboriously closing the sluices, have discovered the burst in the reservoir and, fearing that the rush of water will be tremendous, have given up Sulman as lost, closed the gates and left him to his fate.

Is there no hope for him? Must he drown like a rat in the well of a ship? For a brief second or two he ponders over his hapless position, when there dawns upon him the great hope that, after all, he may escape. He remembers that the vertical shaft has an iron ladder running up the side to the top of the reservoir. If he can get to this shaft and climb the ladder, he might escape, but will the water at the bottom of the sloping tunnel permit him to reach the shaft?

He starts down the slope at a run, the light of his lantern casting weird shadows on the slimy walls. His feet splash in icy cold water, and a sickening fear comes over him that the bottom end of the tunnel may be completely submerged.

He pushes on. The water is above his ankles; it reaches to his knees, his hips, his waist. He pauses and, holding aloft the lantern, gazes with terror stricken eyes toward the spot where the vertical shaft should be.

He cannot see it. The sloping roof of the tunnel goes down and down until it meets the top of the water, and every moment the water is rising higher and higher. He knows that to retreat is hopeless. He must get to the shaft or perish. How far off is the shaft? To reach it he must go under water.

He dashes into the water. It is up to his neck now. The lantern is dropped, and, drawing a deep breath, he plunges beneath.

He is almost carried from his feet as he staggers forward. How long can he keep his breath? Can he last until he reaches the ladder and can draw himself up so that his head will be above the surface? Those few moments of agony are as years to him. He reaches the bottom of the shaft. His hands grasp the rungs of the ladder, he slips, and his strength is going from him. There is the frightful, overwhelming impulse to open his mouth to breathe, to shout. His groping hands grasp the ladder again; he draws himself up, up, up. Will he never reach the surface? It seems like eternity.

But at that supreme moment, when he feels that his palsied fingers can no longer grasp the rungs of the ladder, his head rises above water, and the revulsion of feeling that comes over him as he takes his first breath is so great that he nearly swoons. For some seconds he can do nothing but hang on to the ladder and take in deep drafts of the revivifying air. But the water is still rising. He must mount the ladder and reach the outlet.

How much farther? Suddenly his upward progress is arrested. His head bumps against something. He puts up his hand and gropes about.

He is foiled again! The workmen have closed the top of the shaft!

No wonder that he groans in his agony of mind. All he can do is to hang on as long as nature will allow him the strength. Then, unless the shaft cover is removed, he must fall back into those black and hungry waters beneath.

Little do the miners who are congregated around the mouth of the shaft



HIS HEAD RISES ABOVE THE WATER.

realize that within a few feet of them their hapless colleague is feebly beating with frozen knuckles on the shaft covering. They go to their homes, to their sleep, and with the coming of the sun of the next day some of them approach the shaft and remove the cover in order to see how far the water has risen and, to their horror, discover John Sulman hanging to the ladder, more dead than alive.

Although a man who has met with many adventures in the course of an adventurous career and has been in danger of his life on many occasions, John Sulman will never forget that terrible episode when in the hydraulic workings he fought death tooth and nail and won.

Fashion Novelties

One scarcely realizes how ornamental buttons may be until one sees a garment having them as sole trimming. The tailors seem to realize this better than any one else. Some of the wool shirt waists are also studded with tiny buttons, as are a few of the prettiest silk waists, and the buttons are really beautiful and might in some cases be described as works of art. One coat which was made to match a skirt of pebble chevrot had three buttons at the left side, and each one was cut with as many facets as though it was a diamond. They were of steel and black enamel. Buttons are so many and so widely different that it is scarcely necessary to speak of them in detail. Suffice it to say they are of all kinds, and all are fashionable. The smoked pearl and the mohair covered ones are probably the best liked, especially for evening wear.



FOR EVENING WEAR.

As the French writers told us a year ago, we are certain to have many of the styles of the second empire, and, though the garments are somewhat different, they are still in the same lackadaisical form and general tone of the styles in vogue when Eugenie ruled in the realm of fashion. We have the flounced skirt and the bell sleeve with the long shoulders and the same long coats, graceless and ugly in form at best.

The low style of dressing the hair is another feather which shows how the wind blows, as in one of the new fashions for dressing the lovely tresses of a young lady the manner of so doing is exactly like the pictures of Eugenie. The hair is parted in the middle and brought up at the sides over rolls, and the rest is turned around in a rich twist which hangs low at the back of the neck. In some cases there is a wreath of roses without foliage, and in others a rose is placed right above the forehead in the curve left by the two side rolls of hair. It is a picturesque style and very becoming to the young. There are many other ways of dressing the hair low on the back of the neck, and with many of these ribbon is twined along the twists. But the strictly Eugenie style is prettiest and has perhaps had a slight degree of favor from the pretty picture Miss Barrymore makes in "Captain Jinks." She wears the old style gowns, and thus we can see how they look before we attempt them.

Among the new goods for late fall and winter gowns and suits there is a stuff which has no distinct name, but it has a weave like whipcord, and down far beneath the black surface one finds the thinest specks of red. The red does not show at first, but as soon as one finds it out it is the one prominent thing thereafter. This is also duplicated in green, blue and yellow, and all are handsome and make effective gowns.

Eudoras, chevrots, camel's hairs, cashmores, prunellas, solids and all the line of cravenette covers are among the best values of the season's output. The fine French and Bradford English broadcloths are better considered than silks. They make up into really sumptuous suits and "wear forever."

The shapeless raglans are quite a fad with many young women, and the long rain cloaks are so stylish that they do not care if they do look like frights so long as those coats are so well considered. But it is the long mantles, the pelisses, the Newmarkets and Empire coats that are so truly splendid. Many of these are made of velvet or of the finest silk and ornamented with everything to make them beautiful. Chiffon in a hundred different ways is wrought into trimming for them, and this is set aside by side with fur of the finest quality. Everything rich and lovely is sought for in all the parts of earth to make the winter garments fine.

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

When a fire is nearly out, it may easily be induced to burn up brightly by sprinkling a little sugar over it. This is far safer than using kerosene, which has been the cause of so many serious accidents.

ZEB'S JOKE ON BRUIN

HOW THE POSSUM HUNTER HAD FUN WITH THE BEAR.

It Turned Out to Be Rather Costly Joking. However, For the Animal Bided His Time and Then Evened Up Matters With the Tennessean.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

"One night about five years ago," said the old possum hunter as he settled down to tell a story, "a b'ar come along at night and took my pig out of the pen. I was lyn sick at the time and couldn't git out to shoot him, but I reckoned he'd hang around till I got a show to git even. It was a month befo' I was out, and then spring had come, and fur was no good. All I could do was to play a joke on that varmint and make him feel bad. I got some barbed wire and strung it across the pen, and when all was ready I killed a woodchuck and dragged him around the pen and throwed his carcass in. The old woman seen what was goin on and said:

"Zeb, are yo' gwine to tangle that b'ar up in that barbed wire?"

"That's what it's fur," said I.

"What yo' got ag'in him?"

"He carried off our hawg."

"That was becase yo' was too lazy to rof the pen in. I wouldn't do any foolin with that b'ar. He cum loafin round yere the other day when yo' was away, and he looked mighty serious and solemn. He ain't no critter to joke with."

"But he'll hev to stand it jest the same. If he gits among them wires, he'll feel tickled to death."

"Waal," said she, "yo' go ahead, but I'm tellin yo' that if yo' joke with that b'ar he'll cum out ahead. That's b'ars and b'ars. Some goes in fur fun, and some don't."

"That night about 'leven o'clock," continued Zeb, "that b'ar cum spookin round. I was awake and heard him sniffin, but I kept quiet till he climbed up the logs of the pen and dropped down inside. He knowed woodchuck from hawg, of co'se, but woodchuck was good 'nuff fur him jest then. If he saw them barbed wires, he took 'em fur strings. Leastwise he leaped right down, and next minit he was makin fuss 'nuff fur three doghts. They heerd him howlin way over to Jim Tanner's place. Lawd, sah, but it made my ha'r stand up to hear him take on, but I got on my clothes and went out to rub it into him a little. Lookin down into the pen, I called him a hawg thief and lots of other names, and every time he roared I laughed in his face. I jest poked fun at that critter till I was tired, but when I went back into the cabin the old woman was lookin powerful solemn."

"What's the matter with yo'?" said I.

"Oh, nuthin," she said.

"But what yo' lookin so solemn fur?"

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fur botne. We was still half a mlie away when a cloud of feathers came flyin through the air, and we both groaned. When we got a little nearer, we saw the front door open, and later on we looked in upon such a scene as no cyclone ever left behind. That blamed b'ar had bin in the cabin fur a day or two, and he had jst clawed and scratched and bit and destroyed till the fireplace was about the only thing left. He'd ripped up the bed, torn up our clothes and smashed all the dishes. He'd upst the bureau, pulled over the cupboard and wrecked the table. Drat his hide, but he'd made a clean wreck of it, even to pullin the door off its hinges. We stood thar fur awhile and didn't say nuthin. Then the old woman quietly turned to me and asked:

"Are this Zeb White of Tennessee?"

"She are," I said.

"The Zeb White who joked with a b'ar about six weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"And wouldn't believe his wife when she said the b'ar would git even?"

"That's me."

"Waal, Mr. Zeb White," she said as she p'inted to the destruction inside and made me a kerchy, "yo' are altogethier too funny fur me, and I'll walk over to mother's and stop till yo' git ready to buy \$200 wuth of new things and git over crackin barbed wire jokes."

M. QUAD.

A Reason For It.

There were only four or five male passengers in the parlor car, and after an all day's ride one of them remarked to another, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance:

"I could not fail to observe that the relations between you and the dark faced gentleman were somewhat strained as we played cards together."

"Yes, somewhat," was the reply.

"Then you have met before?"

"Well, not exactly, but I recognized him."

"As one about whom you had heard something to his discredit? I see."

"No, it was not that. I simply recognized him as the man who married my divorced wife."

A Cry From the Oppressed.

"There's one difference between me and President Roosevelt," said Mr. Henpeck reflectively.

"Only one?" his wife asked, with a note of sarcasm in her voice.

"Well, there's one that nobody can help noticing. He goes around without a bodyguard; you never let me get out of your sight."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Love and Schemers.

Mabel—Congratulate me, dear—I'm engaged to the count.

Clara—But how did he propose? He speaks no English and you do not understand French.

Mabel—Oh, that was an easy matter. He showed me his family tree, and I showed him papa's bankbook. Then we shook hands.—Chicago News.

Putting the Other Foot In It.

Mother—Ethel is the very image of what I was at her age.

He—Really? I shouldn't have thought it possible!

Mother (coldly)—May I ask why?

He (seeing his error and striving to rectify it)—Oh—er—I was forgetting what a long time ago that must have been.

A Tip.

Daughter—There will be literary people there.

Mother—Yes, and be on your guard with them.

"But how shall I know them, mother?"

"By their hair—long in the men and short in the women."—Life.

Effective.

"Did your new alarm clock get you out on time in the morning?" asked the salesman.

"It did," answered the nervous man.

"I couldn't fail to be awake on time. I got to thinking about the noise it was going to make, and I couldn't sleep all night."—Washington Star.

An Insult, But—

Alderman—What, sir! You take me to be one who can be bribed? You insult my sense of honor, sir!

Citizen—Pray, excuse me. I really—

Alderman—But, say, suppose I was that kind of a man, how much would you be w'ing to give?—Chicago News.

Absorbed His.

Muggin.—Do you believe that a husband and wife gradually absorb each other's characteristics and become as one?

Buggins—Certainly. When I first married my wife, she didn't have a necktie to her name.—Philadelphia Record.

It Came Home to Him.

The Kid—Are youse de bloke wot's writin dat story in De Weekly Worker?

"Why, yus."

"Den tell us if de Injuns kill Wild Dave in de next chapter or we'll brain you!"—New York Journal.

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The New Woman

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER

I have been on my travels again, this time to make a better acquaintance with my own great country. My wanderings took in a farm region, Cleveland during the G. A. R. reunion and the Buffalo exposition. I have met meantime all sorts and conditions of my fellow women. I saw women, young and old, in the Grand Army parade, marching side by side with the veterans. In that procession clear eyed women certainly seventy years old marched with free step alongside the veterans, oftentimes stronger and more active than they. Some of the ladies belonged to the Woman's Relief corps and were there to help take care of feeble old men, their husbands or fathers. Two years ago, I am told, there was not a woman in the G. A. R. parade. I was surprised at the number of old and middle aged women I met not only in Cleveland, but everywhere else. On railway trains and steamers, at Niagara Falls, on the Midway at the Buffalo exposition, everywhere the old woman to the young woman was as two to one. Fifty years ago these mothers and grandmothers would have been sitting in the corner in cap and spectacles knitting, shunted off the track as useless, those whose existence is merely tolerated. Today these old girls are taking in the world's sights, and nobody could have more of a "good time" than they. It is the day of the old woman. These elderly dames have reared their families and earned their outings—yes, earned a dozen times over all the outings they will ever get. Now they are on their travels, as active, as bright and eagerly learning as if they were sixteen. The world moves. Brave old girls! Success to them! May they continue traveling and learning something till they round out a century.

One of the matters that interested me at a great street parade I witnessed not long since was the performance of a pretty girl usher. She was stationed at the entrance gate of a huge block of wooden seats, hundreds of them altogether, rising tier on tier above the street. Her task was to conduct people to their places in the rows. Men saw her moving about among the tiers and bought tickets for her section just to see how she acted. In that way she drew custom. Women stared at her and rather hesitated at first to give their tickets to an usher of their own sex, but did so at once when they comprehended the situation, and the experiment was a success all round, quite as much as it is in the Paris theaters, where the ushers are uniformed women, sometimes pretty, oftener otherwise.

Painted over the Pan-American buildings are devout inscriptions to the presidents, pathfinders, statesmen, sailors, soldiers, inventors, patriots, preachers, farmers and others. I only pause because I have not room to name them all who have made this country so mighty and prosperous. I would like to add just one inscription which the devisers of the mottoes, being men, of course never thought of. It would be this, "To the women who stayed at home and reared the children and worked and worried their lives out in order that their men might go off and do great things—the women themselves in nine cases out of ten never even getting appreciation of their services, much less thanks—to these unrecognized, unnamed, forgotten ones, honor and glory to the world's end."

One of the things I have found out lately is that in the civil war the wife of an Illinois colonel of volunteers commanded her husband's regiment a week during his illness. He was helpless, the regiment had no leader at the time, and they were isolated and in peril. The gallant woman put herself at the head of the soldiers and led them in several skirmishes—actual fighting, observe.

Don't be harsh and sharp.

If you wish for anything, don't merely whine and pine hopelessly for it, saying "I wish I had this or that." Go to work and get it. Pull yourself together, direct your effort to that end, no matter how great it is, and you will reach it at last. Never slump down and whine and drift along hopelessly. You are losing power and force of character all the while you do that.

If an aspiring American woman sculptor desires to acquire her art properly, let her go at once to Paris. It is a waste of time and worse than that, for she gets started wrong to attempt to accomplish anything in this country.

A young woman looked long and earnestly at the waxen image of the pilgrim father in the Washington government museum. She eyed critically his iron helmet and equally iron face, his rusty red yarn stockings and soiled leather upper garment, his lanky hair and dingy white collar, his generally doleful air of seeing nothing in life but ashes, rottenness and disappointment, and she summed him up thus, "Well, if he looked like that I don't wonder they drove him off."



SWEET RESTORERS.

SLEEP cannot be imitated except in appearance, neither can Ivory Soap. There are other white soaps that look like Ivory Soap, this is a penalty which it pays for its great success. But you are not deceived, there is only one Ivory, the others are imitations of its perfections.

99 PER CENT. PURE.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Deplorable.

Mrs. Naggs—I grow to believe more and more in the saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Mrs. Chatterton (wearily)—So do I. About the only bargain Henry takes any interest in in the department store advertisements are those in the grocery department.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Easy.

Applicant—Don't I have to state a cause for asking a divorce out here in Dakota?

Lawyer—Oh, yes; just say you couldn't get one east.—Baltimore World.

Why She Scorns Him.

My summer girl is mad clear through; She will not look at me. I never kissed a girl before, So it was new to me.

Last night, when parting at the door, I trembled to my toes; I meant to kiss her on the mouth, But kissed her on the nose.

—Yonkers Statesman.

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